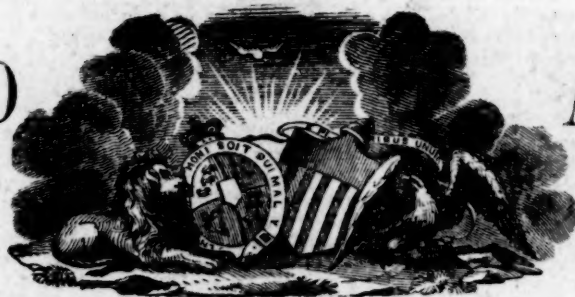


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FLOWERS.

Ye are the Scriptures of the Earth,
Sweet flowers, fair and frail;
A sermon speaks in every bud
That woos the summer gale.

Ye lift your heads at early morn,
To greet the sunny ray,
And cast your fragrance forth to praise
The Lord of night and day.

Sown in the damp and cheerless earth,
Ye slumber for a while,
Then waken unto glorious life,
And bid creation smile.

Thus when within the darksome tomb
Our mortal frame shall lie,
The soul, freed from the bonds of sin,
Shall join the choir on high.

LAY OF A NEW ERA.

The world is earnest now,—the power that built,
Or crush'd an empire in the years of old,
Is deem'd a mockery, a thing of gilt
And glitter, worthless of the lyre that roll'd
Its laud afar, that the heroic mould
Of later ages might aspire to sin
More gloriously a bauble name to win,
By spilling tides of blood, where tides before were spilt.

What childish fooleries were mankind then!
Mankind and all their masters, grasping keen
The puppetries of folly,—mowing men
Like weeds, for objects scorn'd as soon as seen!
Yes, future times, believe me,—men have been
In myriads hewed to earth, or joyful stood
Splashing and dripping with their brethren's blood,
To help some tiger-fiend to make a wider den.

Glory, and Fame, and Honour, were the names
That knaves invented, fools to lure and lead
To slavery's mesh; they call'd the trumpet Fame's
That led their million victims on to bleed.
Thank God, the world is wiser now than heed
Such puny things as gold or empire,—we
Have cast the slough, and wing'd all gloriously,
We scorn the ancient world, its splendours and its shames.

Before the majesty of Truth we stand,
And bow with reverent front; the bauble forms
Of rank, and pomp, and wealth—accursed band,
We fling to all the winds with all the storms.
In the dark chambers of the bats and worms
We lock the old-world pageantries, and claim
As ours a might, a beauty, and a fame,
Compelling suppliant knees in every age and land.

Yes, we have seen the march, the fight, the roll
Of victory's shout, proclaiming mind hath won
The standard and the throne, and freed the soul
From vassalage to aught beneath the sun,
To earth-born wormhood, and to things that run
Along the earth, with faces prone and mean;
Things which delude the eye with glittering sheen,
And bid it vault to heaven, and seek no humble goal.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

Some four or five years ago, the inhabitants of a large city in the north of Scotland were apprised, by handbills, that James Montgomery, Esq., of Sheffield, the poet, was to address a meeting on the subject of Moravian missions. This announcement, in the language of Dr. Caius, "did bring de water into our mouth." The thought of seeing a live poet, of European reputation, arriving at our very door, in a remote corner, was absolutely electrifying. We went early to the chapel where he was announced to speak, and ere the lion of the evening appeared, amused ourselves with watching and analyzing the audience which his celebrity had collected. It was not very numerous, and not very select. Few of the grandes of the city had condescended to honour him by their presence. Stranger still, there was but a sparse supply of clergy, or of the prominent religionists of the town. The church was chiefly filled with females of a certain age, one or two stray "hero worshippers" like ourselves, a few young ladies who had read some of his minor poems, and whose eyes seemed lighted up with a gentle fire of pleasure in the prospect of seeing the author of those "beautiful verses on the Grave, and Prayer," and two or three who had come from ten miles off to see and hear the celebrated poet. When he at length appeared, we continued to marvel at the aspect of the platform. Instead of being supported by the elite of the city, instead of forming a rallying centre of attraction and unity to all who had a sympathy with piety or with genius for

leagues round it, a few obscure individuals presented themselves, who seemed rather anxious to catch a little *eclat* from him, than to delight to do him honour. The evening was rather advanced ere he rose to speak. His appearance, so far as we could catch it, was quite in keeping with the spiritual cast of his poetry. He was tall, thin, bald, with face of sharp outline, but mild expression; and we looked with no little reverence on the eye which had shot fire in the Pelican Island, and on the hand, (skinny enough we ween,) which had written "The Grave." He spoke in a low voice, sinking occasionally into an inaudible whisper; but his action was fiery and his pantomime striking. In the course of his speech he alluded, with considerable effect, to the early heroic struggles of Moravianism, when she was yet alone in the death-grapple with the powers of Heathen darkness, and closed (when *did* he ever close a speech otherwise!) by quoting a few vigorous verses from himself.

We left the meeting, we remember, with two wondering questions ringing in our ears; first, Is this fame! of what value reputation, which, in a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, is so freezingly acknowledged? Would not any empty, mouthing charlatan, any "twopenny tear-mouth," any painted, stupid savage, any clever juggler, any dexterous player upon the fiery harp-strings of the popular passions, have enjoyed a better reception than this true, tender, and holy poet? But secondly, Is not this true, tender, and holy poet partly himself to blame? Has he not put himself in a false position? Has he not too readily lent himself as an instrument of popular excitement? Is this progress of his altogether a proper, a poet's progress? Would Milton, or Cowper, or Wordsworth have submitted to it? And is it in good taste for him to eke out his orations by long extracts from his own poems? Homer, it is true, sang his own verses; but he did it for food. Montgomery recites them, but it is for fame.

We pass now gladly—as we did in thought then—from the progress to the poet-pilgrim himself. We have long admired and loved James Montgomery. We loved him ere we could admire him: we wept under his spell ere we did either the one or the other. We will not soon forget the Sabbath evening—it was in golden summer tide—when we first heard his "Grave" repeated, and wept as we heard it. It seemed to come, as it professed to come, from the grave itself—a still small voice of comfort and of hope, even from that stern abyss. It was a fine and bold idea to turn the great enemy into a comforter, and elicit such a reply, so tender and submissive, to the challenge, "O Grave, where is thy victory?" Triumphant in prospect over the Sun himself, the grave proclaims the superiority and immunity of the soul—

The Sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
But thou! immortal as his Sire,
Shalt never die.

Surely no well in the wilderness ever sparkled out to the thirsty traveller a voice more musical, more tender, and more cheering, than this which Montgomery educes from the jaws of the narrow house. Soon afterwards we became acquainted with some of his other small pieces, which then seized and which still occupy the principal place in our regards. Indeed, it is on his little poems that the permanency of his fame is likely to rest, as it is into them that he has chiefly shed the peculiarity and the beauty of his genius. James Montgomery has little inventive or dramatic power; he cannot write an epic; none of his larger poems, while some are bulky, can be called great; but he is the best writer of hymns, (understanding a hymn simply to mean a short religious effusion,) in the language. He catches the transient emotions of the pious heart, which arise in the calm evening walk, where the saint, like Isaac, goes out into the fields to meditate; or under the still and star-fretted midnight; or on his "own delightful bed;" or in pensive contemplations of the "Common Lot;" or under the Swiss heaven, where evening hardly closes the eye of Mont Blanc, and stirs lake Leman's waters with a murmur like a sleeper's prayer; wherever, in short, piety kindles into the poetic feeling such emotions, he catches, refines, and embalms in his snatches of lyric song. As Wordsworth has expressed sentiments which the "solitary lover of nature was unable to utter, save with glistening eye and faltering tongue," so Montgomery has given poetic form and words, to breathings and pantings of the Christian's spirit, which himself never suspected to be poetical at all, till he saw them reflected in verse. He has caught and crystallized the tear dropping from the penitent's eye; he has echoed the burden of the heart, sighing with gratitude to Heaven; he has arrested and fixed in melody, the "upward glancing of an eye, when none but God is near." In his verse, and in Cowper's, the poetry of ages of devotion has broken silence, and spoken out. Religion, the most poetical of all things, had, for a long season, been divorced from song, or had mistaken pert jingle, impudent familiarity, and doggerel, for its genuine voice. It was reserved for the birds of Olney and Sheffield, to renew and to strengthen the lawful and holy wedlock.

Montgomery, then, is a religious lyrist, and as such, is distinguished by many peculiar merits. His first quality is a certain quiet simplicity of language, and of purpose. His is not the ostentatious, elaborate, and systematic simplicity of Wordsworth; it is unobtrusive, and essential to the action of his mind. It is a simplicity, which the diligent student of Scripture seldom fails to derive from its pages, particularly from its histories and its psalms. It is the simplicity of a spirit which religion has subdued as well as elevated, and which consciously spreads abroad the wings of its imagination, under the eye of God. As if each poem were a prayer, so is he sedulous that its words be few and well ordered. In short, his is not so much the simplicity of art, nor the simplicity of nature, as it is the simplicity of faith. It is the virgin dress of one of the white-robed priests in the ancient temple. It is a simplicity which, by easy and rapid transition, mounts into bold and manly enthusiasm. One is reminded of the artless sinkings and soarings, lingerings and hurrying of David's matchless minstrelries

which come and go like the sounds of music borne on the wind. Profound in sight is not peculiarly Montgomery's forte. He is rather a seraph than a cherub; rather a burning than a knowing one. He kneels; he looks upward with rapt eye; he covers at times his face with his wing; but he does not ask awful questions, or cast strong though baffled glances into the solid and intolerable glory. You can never apply to him the words of Gray. He never "passed the bounds of flaming space, where angels tremble as they gaze. He has never invaded those lofty but dangerous regions of speculative thought, where some have dwelt till they have lost all of piety save its grandeur and gloom. He does not reason, far less doubt, on the subject of religion at all; it is his only wonder, to love, to weep, and to adore. Sometimes, but seldom, can he be called a sublime writer. In his "Wanderer of Switzerland," he blows a bold horn but the echoes and the avalanches of the highest Alps will not answer or fall to his reveille. In his "Greenland," he expresses but faintly the poetry of Frost; and his line is often cold as a glacier. His "World before the Flood" is a misnomer. It is not the young virgin undrowned world it professes to be. In his "West Indies," there is more of the ardent emancipator than the poet; you catch but dimly, through its correct and measured verse, a glimpse of Ethiopia, a dreadful appellant, standing with one shackled foot on the neck of Gibraltar, and the other on the Cape of Good Hope, and "stretching forth her hands" to an avenging God. And although, in the horrors of the middle passage, there were elements of poetry, yet it was a poetry which our author's genius is too gentle and timid fully to extract. As soon could he have added a story to Ugolino's tower, or another circle to the Inferno, as have painted that pit of heat, hunger, howling despair, the hold of a slave vessel.

The plan of "The Pelican Island" was an unfortunate one, precluding as it did almost entirely human interest, and rapid vicissitude of events; and resting its power principally upon the description of foreign objects, and slow though majestic processes of nature. Once, and once only, in this and perhaps in any of his poems, does he rise into the rare region of the sublime. It is in the description of the sky of the south, a subject which indeed is itself inspiration. And yet, in that solemn sky, the great constellations, hung up in the wondering evening air, the Dove, the Raven, the Ship of Heaven, "Sailing from Eternity;" the Wolf, "with eyes of lightning watching the Centaur's spear;" the Altar blazing, "even at the footsteps of Jehovah's throne;" the Cross, "meek emblem of Redeeming love," which bends at midnight as when they were taking down the Saviour of the world, and which greeted the eye of Humboldt as he sailed over the still Pacific, had so hung and so burned for ages, and no poet had sung their praises. Patience, ye glorious tremblers! In a page of this "Pelican Island," a page bright as your own beams, and like them immortal, shall your splendours be yet inscribed. This passage, which floats the poem, and will long memorize Montgomery's name, is the more remarkable, as the poet never saw but in imagination that unspeakable southern midnight. And yet we are not sure but, of objects so transcendent, the "vision of our own" is the true vision, and the vision that ought to be perpetuated in song. For our parts, we, longing as we have ever done to see the Cross of the South, would almost fear to have our longings gratified, and to find the reality, splendid as it must be, substituted for that vast image of bright quivering stars, which has so long loomed before our imaginations, and so often visited our dreams. Indeed, it is a question, in reference to objects which must, even when seen, derive their interest from imagination, whether they be not best seen by its eye alone.

Among Montgomery's smaller poems, the finest is the "Stanzas at Midnight," composed in Switzerland, and which we see inserted in Longfellow's beautiful romance of Hyperion, with no notice or apparent knowledge of their authorship. They describe a mood of his own mind while passing a night among the Alps, and contain a faithful transcript of the emotions which, thick and sombre as the shadows of the mountains, crossed his soul in its solitude. There are no words of Foster's, which to us possess more meaning than that simple expression in his first essay, "solemn meditations of the night." Nothing in spiritual history is more interesting. What vast tracts of thought does the mind sometimes traverse when it cannot sleep! What ideas, that had bashfully presented themselves in the light of day, now stand out in bold relief, and authoritative dignity! How vividly appear before us the memories of the past!

How do, alas! past struggles and sins return to recollection, rekindling on our cheeks their first fierce blushes unseen in the darkness! How new a light is cast upon the great subjects of spiritual contemplation! What a "browner horror" falls upon the throne of death, and the pale kingdoms of the grave! What projects are then formed, what darings of purpose conceived, and how fully can we then understand the meaning of the poet,

"In lonely glens, amidst the roar of rivers,
When the still nights were moonless, have I known
Joys that no tongue can tell; my pale lip quivers
When thought revisits them!"

And when, through the window, looks in on us one full glance of a clear large star, how startlingly it seems, like a conscious, mild, yet piercing eye; how strongly it points, how soothingly it mingles with our meditations, and as with a leash of fire, leads them away into still remoter and more mysterious regions of thought! Such a meditation Montgomery has embodied in these beautiful verses; but then he is up amid the midnight and all its stars; he is out amid the Alps, and is catching on his brow the living breath of that rarest inspiration which moves amid them, then and then alone.

We mentioned Cowper in conjunction with Montgomery in a former sentence. They resemble each other in the pious purpose and general simplicity of their writings, but otherwise are entirely distinct. Cowper's is a didactic, Montgomery's a romantic piety. Cowper's is a gloomy, Montgomery's a cheerful religion. Cowper has in him a fierce and bitter vein of satire, often irritating into invective; we find no traces of any such thing in all Montgomery's. Cowper's withering denunciations seem shreds of Elijah's mantle, torn off in the fiery whirlwind. Montgomery is clothed in the softer garments, and breathes the gentler genius of the new economy. And as poets, Montgomery, with imagination and elegance, is entirely destitute of the rugged strength of sentiment, the exquisite keenness of observation, the rich humour and the awful personal pathos of Cowper.

Montgomery's hymns, (properly so called,) we do not much admire. A stern Scottish taste, accustomed to admire such effusions as the Dies Ira, and to sing such productions as our rough and manly Psalms, and our sweet and unpretending Paraphrases, cannot away with the twopenny trump of the English devotional hymn, degraded by recollections of Watts' Psalms, Wesley, Tate, and Brady, even when it is touched by the master hands of a Cowper or a Montgomery. That one song, sung by the solitary Jewish maiden in Ivanhoe, (surely the sweetest strain ever uttered since the spoilers of Judah hid by Babel's streams require of its captives a song, and were answered in that melting mel-

ody which has drawn the tears and praises of all time,) is worth all the hymn-books that were ever composed. Montgomery's true hymns, are those which bear not the name, but which sing, and for ever will sing, their own quiet tune to simple and pious spirits.

Of Montgomery's prose we might say much that was favourable. It is truly "Prose by a Poet," to borrow the title of one of his works. You see the poet every now and then dropping his mask, and showing his flaming eyes. It is enough of itself to confute the vulgar prejudice against the prose of poets. Who indeed but a poet has ever written, or can ever write good prose, prose that will live! What prose, to take but one example, is comparable to the prose of Shakspeare—many of whose very best passages, as Hamlet's description of man, Falstaff's death, the speech of Brutus, that dreadful grace before meat of Timon, which is of misanthropy the quaintest and most appalling quintessence, and seems fit to have preceded a supper in Eblis, &c. are not in verse! Montgomery's prose criticism we value less for its exposition of principles, or for its originality, in which respects it is deficient, than for its generous and eloquent enthusiasm. It is delightful to find in an author, who had so to struggle up his way to distinction, such a fresh and constant sympathy with the success and the merits of others. In this point he reminds us of Shelley, who, hurled down at one time, by universal acclamation, into the lowest abyss of contempt, both as an author and a man, could look up from it, to breathe sincere admiration toward those who had usurped the place in public favour to which he was, and knew he was, entitled. We are not reminded of the Lakers, whose tarn-like narrowness of critical spirit is the worst and weakest feature in their characters. Truly a great mind never looks so contemptible as when, stooping from its pride of place, it exchanges its own high aspirations after fame, for poor mouse-like nibblings at the reputation of others.

Many tributes have been paid of late years to the Pilgrim's Progress. The lips of Coleridge have waxed eloquent in its praise; Southey and Macaulay have here embraced each other; Cheever, from America, has uttered a powerful sound in proclamation of its unmatched merits; but we are mistaken if its finest panegyric be not that contained in Montgomery's preface, prefixed to the Glasgow edition. In it all thankfulness cherished from childhood, in a poet's and a Christian's heart, toward this benign and beautiful book, comes gushing forth; and he closes the tribute with the air of one who has relieved himself from a deep burden of gratitude. Indeed, this is the proper feeling to be entertained toward all works of genius; and an envious or malign criticism upon such is not so much a defect in the intellect as it is a sin of the heart. It is a blow struck in the face of a benefactor. A great author is one who lays a priceless treasure at our door; and if we at once reject the boon and spurn the giver, ours is not an error simply, it is a deadly crime.

The mention of Bunyan and Montgomery in conjunction, irresistibly reminds us of a writer who much resembles the one, and into whom the spirit of the other seems absolutely to have transmigrated: we mean Mary Howitt. She resembles Montgomery principally in the amiable light in which she presents the spirit of Christianity. Here Moravian and the Friend are finely at one. Their religion is no dire fatalism, like Foster's; it is no gloomy reservoir of all morbid and unhappy feelings, disappointed hopes, baffled purposes, despairing prospects, turning toward heaven, in their extremity, for comfort, as it is with a very numerous class of authors. It is a glad sunbeam from the womb of the morning, kindling all nature and life into smiles. It is a meek, womanlike presence in the chamber of earth, which meanwhile beautifies, and shall yet redeem and restore it—by its very gentleness righting all its wrongs, curing all its evils, and wiping away all its tears. Had but this faith been shown more fully to the sick soul of Cowper! were it but shown more widely to the sick soul of earth,

Soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the earth grow young again.

And how like is Mary Howitt to Bunyan! Like him, she is the most sublime of the simple, and the most simple of the sublime; the most literal, and the most imaginative, of writers. Hers and his are but a few quiet words: but they have the effect of "Open Sesame;" they conduct into deep caverns of feeling and of thought, to open which ten thousand mediocrities behind are bawling their big-mouthed talk in vain. In "Marion's Pilgrimage," (thanks to the kind and gifted young friend who lately introduced us to this beautiful poem,) we have a minor "Pilgrim's Progress," where Christianity is represented as a child going forth on a mission to earth, mingling with and mitigating all its evils; and is left, at the close, still wandering on in this her high calling. The allegory is not, any more than in Bunyan, strictly preserved; for Marion is at once Christianity personified and a Christian person, who alludes to Scripture events, and talks in Scripture language; but the simplicity, the child-likeness, and the sweetness, are those of the gentle dreamer of Elstowe. Why does she not more frequently lean down her head upon his inspired pillow?

We return to James Montgomery only to bid him farewell. He is one of the few lingering stars in a very rich constellation of poets. Byron, Coleridge, Southey, Crabbe, Campbell, Shelley, Keats, &c. are gone: some burst to shivers by their own impetuous motion; others, in the course of nature, having simply ceased to shine. Three of that cluster yet remain, in Wordsworth, Moore, and Montgomery. Let us, without absurdly and malignantly denying merit to our rising luminaries, (some of whom, such as Browning, Tennyson, and Baillie, we hope yet to see emulating the very highest of the departed,) with peculiar tenderness cherish these, both for their own sakes, and as still linking us to a period in our literary history so splendid.

MY COLLEGE FRIENDS.

CHARLES RUSSELL, THE GENTLEMAN-COMMONER.

CHAPTER II.—(Concluded.)

I had returned to the sitting room, and was endeavoring to give as hopeful answers as I could to Miss Russell's anxious enquiries as to what I thought of her brother, when a card was brought up with a message that Mrs. Ormiston was below, and "would be very glad if he could see Miss Russell for a few moments, at any hour she would mention in the course of the day."

Ormiston! I started, I really did not know why. Miss Russell started, also, visibly; did she know why? Her back was turned to me at the moment; she had moved, perhaps intentionally, the moment the message became intelligible, so that I had no opportunity of watching the effect it produced, which I confess, I had an irrepressible anxiety to do. She was silent until I felt my position becoming awkward; I was rising to take leave, which perhaps would have made hers even more so, when half turning round towards me, with a tone and gesture almost of command, she said, "Stay!" and then in reply to the servant who was still waiting, "Ask Mr. Ormiston to walk up."

I felt the few moments of expectation which ensued to be insufferably embarrassing. I tried to persuade myself that it was my own folly to think them so. Why should Ormiston not call at the Russells under such circumstances? As college tutor, he stood almost in the relation of natural guardian to Russell. Had he not at least as much right to assume the privilege of a friend of the family as I had, with the additional argument that he was likely to be much more useful in that capacity? He had known them longer, at all events, and any little coolness between the brother and himself was not a matter, I felt persuaded, to be remembered by him at such a moment, or to induce any false punctilio which might stand in the way of his offering his sympathy and assistance when required. But the impression on my mind was strong—stronger, perhaps than any facts within my knowledge fairly warranted—that between Ormiston and Mary Russell there either was, or had been, some feelings which, whether acknowledged or unacknowledged—whether crushed by any of those thousand crosses to which such feelings, fragile as they are, are liable, or only repressed by circumstances and awaiting its development—would make their meeting under such circumstances not that of ordinary acquaintances. And once again I arose, and would have gone; but again Mary Russell's sweet voice—and this time it was an accent of almost piteous entreaty, so melted and subdued were its tones, as if her spirit was failing her—begged me to remain—"I have something—something to consult you about—my brother."

She stopped, for Ormiston's step was at the door. I had naturally—not from any ungenerous curiosity to scan her feelings—raised my eyes to her countenance while she spoke to me, and could not but mark that her emotion amounted almost to agony. Ormiston entered; whatever his feelings were, he concealed them well; not so readily, however, could he suppress his evident astonishment, and almost as evident vexation, when he first noticed my presence: an actor in the drama for whose appearance he was manifestly unprepared. He approached Miss Russell, who never moved, with some words of ordinary salutation, but uttered in a low and earnest tone, and offered his hand, which she took at once without any audible reply. Then turning to me he asked if Russell were any better? I answered somewhat indefinitely, and Miss Russell, to whom he turned as for a reply, shook her head, and sinking into a chair, hid her face in her hands. Ormiston took a seat close by her, and after a pause of a moment said,

"I trust your very natural anxiety for your brother makes you inclined to anticipate more danger than really exists, Miss Russell: but I have to explain my own intrusion upon you at such a moment"—and he gave me a glance which was meant to be searching—"I called by the particular request of the Principal, Dr. Meredith."

Miss Russell could venture upon no answer, and he went on, speaking somewhat hurriedly and with embarrassment.

"Mrs. Meredith has been from home some days, and the Principal himself has the gout severely; he has feared you might think it unkind their not having called, and he begged me to be his deputy. Indeed he insisted on my seeing you in person, to express his very sincere concern for your brother's illness, and to beg that you will so far honor him—consider him sufficiently your friend, he said—as to send to his house for anything which Russell could want or fancy, which, in lodgings there might be some difficulty in finding at hand. In one respect, Miss Russell," continued Ormiston in a somewhat more cheerful tone, "your brother is fortunate in not being laid up within the college walls; we are not very good nurses there, as Hawthorn can tell you; yet I much fear this watching and anxiety have been too much for you."

Her tears began to flow freely; there was nothing in Ormiston's words, but their tone implied deep feeling. Yet who, however indifferent, could look upon her helpless situation and not be moved? I walked to the window, feeling terribly out of place where I was, yet uncertain whether to go or stay; for my own personal comfort I would sooner have faced the collected anger of a whole common-room, called to investigate my particular misdemeanors; but to take leave at this moment seemed as awkward as to stay; but had not Miss Russell appeared almost imploringly anxious for me to spare her a *tele-a-tele*?

"My poor brother is very ill, Mr. Ormiston," said she at last, raising her face, from which every trace of color had again disappeared, and which seemed now as calm as ever. "Will you thank Dr. Meredith for me, and say I will without hesitation avail myself of his most kind offers, if anything should occur to make his assistance necessary."

"I can be of no use myself in any way?" said Ormiston, with some hesitation.

"I thank you, no," she replied; and then, as if conscious that her tone was cold, she added—"You are very kind: Mr. Hawthorn was good enough to say the same. Every one is very kind to us, indeed; but"—and here she stopped again, her emotion threatening to master her; and Ormiston and myself simultaneously took our leave.

Preoccupied as my mind had been by anxiety on Russell's account, it did not prevent a feeling of awkwardness when I found myself alone with Mr. Ormiston outside the door of his lodgings. It was impossible to devise any excuse at the moment for turning off in a different direction, as I felt very much inclined to do; for the little street in which he lived was not much of a thoroughfare. The natural road for both of us to take was that which led towards the High Street, for a few hundred steps the other way would have led us out into the country, where it is not usual for either tutors or under-graduates to promenade in cap and gown, as they do, to the great admiration of the rustics, in our sister university. We walked on together, therefore, feeling—I will answer at least for one of us—that it would be an especial relief just then to meet the greatest bore with whom we had any pretence of a speaking acquaintance, or pass any shop in which we could frame the most threadbare excuse of having business, to cut short the embarrassment of each other's company. After quitting any scene in which deep feelings have been displayed, and in which our own have been not slightly interested, it is painful to feel called upon to make any comment on what has passed; we feel ashamed to do so in the strain and tone which would betray our own emotion, and we have not the heart to do so carelessly or indifferently. I should have felt this, even had I been sure that Ormiston's feelings towards Mary Russell had been nothing more than my own; whereas, in fact, I was almost sure of the contrary; in which case, it was possible that, in his eyes, my own *locus standi* in that quarter, surprised as I had been in an apparently very confidential interview, might seem to require some explanation which would be indelicate to ask for directly, and which it might not mend matters were I to give indirectly without being asked. So we proceeded some paces up the little quiet street, gravely and silently, neither of us speaking a word. At last Ormiston asked me if I had seen Russell, and how I thought him? adding, without waiting for a reply, "Dr. Wilson, I fear, from what he told me, thinks badly of him."

"I am sorry to hear you say so," I replied; and then ventured to remark

how very wretched it would be for his sister in the event of his growing worse, to be left at such a time so utterly helpless and alone.

He was silent for some moments. "Some of her friends," he said at last, "ought to come down; she must have friends, I know, who would come if they were sent for. I wish Mrs. Meredith were returned—she might advise her."

He spoke rather in soliloquy than as addressing me, and I did not feel called upon to make any answer. The next moment we arrived at the turn of the street, and, by what seemed a mutual impulse, wished each other good morning.

I went straight down to Smith's rooms at ——— Hall, to get him to come and dine with me; for I pitied the poor fellow's forlorn condition, and considered myself in some degree bound to supply Russell's place towards him. A Bible-clerk's position in the University is always more or less one of mortification and constraint. It is true that the same academical degree, the same honors—if he can obtain them—the same position in after life—all the solid advantages of a University education are open to him as to other men; but so long as his undergraduate lasts, he stands in a very different position from other men, and he feels it—feels it, too, through three or four of those years of life when such feelings are most acute, and when that strength of mind which is the only antidote—which can measure men by themselves and not by their accidents—is not as yet matured either in himself or in the society in which he becomes a member. If indeed, he be a decidedly clever man, and has the opportunity early in his career of showing himself to be such, then there is good sense and good feeling enough—let us say to the honor of the University, there is sufficient of that true *esprit du corps*, a real consciousness of the great objects for which men are thus brought together—to ensure the acknowledgment from all but the most unworthy of its members, that a scholar is always a gentleman. But if he be a man of only moderate abilities, and known only as a Bible-clerk, then, the more he is of a gentleman by birth and education, the more painfully does his position generally become. There are not above two or three in residence in most colleges, and their society is confined almost wholly to themselves. Some old school-fellow, indeed, or some man who "knows him at home," holding an independent rank in college, may occasionally venture upon the condescension of asking him to wine—even to meet a friend or two with whom he can take such a liberty; and even then the gnawing consciousness that he is considered an inferior—though not treated as such—makes it a questionable act of kindness. Among the two or three of his own table one is the son of a college butler, another has been for years usher at a preparatory school; he treats them with civility, they treat him with deference, but they have no tastes or feelings in common. At an age, therefore, which most of all seeks for and requires companionship, he has no companions; and the period of life which should be the most joyous, becomes to him almost a purgatory. Of course the radical and the leveller will at once say, "Ay, this comes of your aristocratic distinctions; they ought not to be allowed in universities at all." Not so: it comes of human nature; the distinction between a dependant and an independent position will always be felt in all societies, mark it outwardly as you will. Humiliation, more or less, is a penalty which poverty must always pay. These humbler offices in the University were founded by a charity as wise as benevolent, which has afforded to hundreds of men of talent but of humble means, an education equal to the highest noble in the land, and, in consequence, a position and usefulness in after life, which otherwise they never could have hoped for. And if the somewhat servile tenure by which they are held, (which in late years has in most colleges been very much relaxed,) were wholly done away with, there is reason to fear the founders would be liable to continual abuse, by their being bestowed on many who required no such assistance. As it is, this occurs too often; and it is much to be desired that the same regulations were followed in their distribution throughout the University, which some colleges have most properly adopted: namely, that the appointment should be bestowed on the successful candidate after examination, strict regard being had to the circumstances of all the parties before they are allowed to offer themselves. It would make their position far more definite and respectable, because all would be considered honorable to a certain degree, as being the reward of merit; instead of which, too often, they are convenient items of patronage in the hands of the Principal and Fellows, the nomination depending on private interest, which by no means ensuring the nominee's being a gentleman by birth, while it is wholly careless of his being a scholar by education, and tends to lower the general standing of the order in the University.

This struck me forcibly in Smith's case. Poor fellow! with an excellent heart and a great deal of sound common sense, he had neither the breeding nor the talent to make a gentleman of. I doubt if an University education was any real boon to him. It ensured him four years of hard work—harder perhaps than if he had set at the desk all the time—without the society of any of his own class and habits, and with the prospect of very little remuneration ultimately. I think he might have been very happy in his own sphere, and I do not see how he could be happy at Oxford. And whether he or the world in general ever profited much by the B.A. which he eventually attached to his name, is a point at least doubtful.

I could not get him to come and dine with me in my own college. He knew his own position, as it seemed, and was not ashamed of it; in fact, in his case, it could not involve any consciousness of degradation; and I am sure his only reason for refusing my invitation of that kind was, that he thought my dignity might be compromised by so open an association with him. He would come over to my rooms in the evening to tea, he said; and he came accordingly. When I told him in the morning that Russell had enquired very kindly after him, he was much affected; but it had evidently been a comfort to him to feel that he was not forgotten, and during the hour or two which we spent together in the evening, he seemed much more cheerful.

"Perhaps they will let me see him to-morrow if he is better?" he said, with an appealing look to me. I assured him I would mention his wish to Russell, and his countenance at once brightened up, as if he thought only his presence were needed to ensure our friend's recovery.

But the next morning all our hopes were dashed again; delirium had returned, as had been feared, and the feverish symptoms seemed to gain strength rather than abate. Bleeding and the usual remedies had been had recourse to already to a perilous extent, and in Russell's present reduced state, no further treatment of the kind could be ventured upon. "All we can do now, sir," said Dr. Wilson, is to let nature take her course. I have known such cases recover." I did not ask to see Mary Russell that day; for what could I have answered to her fears and enquiries? But I thought of Ormiston's words; surely she ought to have some friend—some of her own family, or some known or tried companion of her own sex, would surely come to her at a moment's notice, did they but know of her trying situation. If—if her brother were to die—she surely would not be left here among strangers quite alone? Yet I much feared from what

had escaped him at our last interview, that they both had incurred the charge of wilfulness for refusing offers of assistance at the time of their father's disgrace and flight, and that having, contrary to the advice of their friends, and perhaps imprudently taken the step they had done in coming to Oxford, Mary Russell with something of her brother's spirit, had made up her mind now, however heavy and unforeseen the blow that was to fall, to suffer all in solitude and silence. For Ormiston, too, I felt with an interest and intensity that was hourly increasing. I met him after morning chapel, and though he appeared intentionally to avoid any conversation with me, I knew by his countenance that he had heard the unfavourable news of the morning; and it could be no common emotion that had left its visible trace upon features usually so calm and impassable.

From thoughts of this nature, indulged in the not very appropriate locality of the centre of the quadrangle, I was aroused by the good humored voice of Mrs. Meredith—"our governess," as we used to call her—who, with the doctor himself was just then entering the College, and found me right in the line of her movements towards the door of "the lodgings." I was not until that moment aware of her return, and altogether was considerably startled as she addressed me with—"Oh! how do you do, Mr. Hawthorne! you young gentlemen don't take care of yourselves, you see, when I am away—I am sorry to hear this about poor Mr. Russell! Is he so very ill? Dr. Meredith is just going to see him."

I colored up, I dare say, for it was a trick I was given to in those days, and in the confusion replied rather to my own thoughts than to Mrs. Meredith's question.

"Mrs. Meredith! I really beg your pardon," I first stammered out as a very necessary apology, for I had nearly stumbled over her—"May I say how very glad I am you are returned, on Miss Russell's account—I am sure!"

"Really, Mr. Hawthorne, it is very natural I suppose, but you gentlemen seem to expend your whole sympathy upon the young lady, and forget the brother altogether! Mr. Ormiston actually took the trouble to write to me about her."

"My dear!" interposed the Principal.

"Nay, Dr. Meredith, see how guilty Mr. Hawthorne looks! and as to Mr. Ormiston—"Well, never mind," (the doctor was visibly checking his lady's volubility), "I love the poor dear girl so much myself, that I am really grieved to the heart for her. I shall go down and see her directly, and make her keep up her spirits. Dr. Wilson is apt to make out all the bad symptoms he can—I shall try if I can't cure Mr. Russell, myself, after all; a little proper nursing in those cases is worth a whole staff of doctors—and, as to this poor girl, what can she know about it! I dare say she sits crying her eyes out poor thing, and doing nothing—I'll see about it. Why, I wouldn't lose Mr. Russell from the college for half the young men in it—would I, Dr. Meredith?"

I bowed and they passed on. Mrs. Principal, if somewhat pompous occasionally, was a kind hearted woman; I believe an hour scarcely elapsed after her return to Oxford, before she was in Russell's lodgings, ordering everything about as coolly as if it were in her own house, and all but insisting on seeing the patient and prescribing herself for him in spite of all professional injunctions to the contrary. The delirium passed off again, and though it left Russell sensibly weaker, so weak that when I next was admitted to see him with Smith, he could do little more than feebly grasp our hands, yet the fever was evidently abated; and in the course of the next day, whether it was to be attributed to the remedies originally used, or to his own youth or good constitution, or to Mrs. Meredith's experienced directions in the way of nursing, and the cheerful spirit which that good lady, in spite of a little fussiness, succeeded generally in producing around her, there was a decided promise of amendment, which happily each succeeding hour tended gradually to fulfil. Ormiston had been unremitting in his inquiries; but I believe had never since sought an interview either with the brother or sister. I took advantage of the first conversation Russell was able to hold with me, to mention how very sincerely I believed him to have felt the interest he expressed. A moment afterwards, I felt almost sorry I had mentioned the name—it was the first time I had done so during Russell's illness. He almost started up in bed, and his face glowed again with more than the flush of fever as he caught up my words.

"Sincere, did you say? Ormiston sincere! You don't know the man as I do. Inquire here, did he? What right has he to intrude his?"

"Hush, my dear Russell," I interposed, really alarmed at his violence. "Pray don't excite yourself—I think you do him great injustice; but we will drop the subject if you please."

"I tell you, Hawthorne, if you knew all, you would despise him as much as I do."

It is foolish to argue with an invalid—but really even my friendship for Russell would not allow me to bear in silence an attack so unjustifiable, as it seemed to me, on the character of a man who had every claim to my gratitude and respect. I replied, therefore, somewhat incautiously, that perhaps I did know a little more than Russell suspected.

He stared at me with a look of bewilderment. "What do you know!" he asked quickly.

It was too late to hesitate or retract. I had started an unfortunate subject; but I knew Russell too well to endeavour now to mislead him. "I have no right perhaps to say I know anything; I have gathered from Ormiston's manner, that he has very strong reasons for the anxiety he has shown on your account. I will not say more."

"And how do you know this? Has Mr. Ormiston dared?"

"No, no, Russell," said I, earnestly; "see how unjust you are, in this instance." I wished to say something to calm him, and it would have been worse than useless to say any thing but the truth. I saw he guessed to what I alluded; and I gave him briefly my reasons for what I thought, not concealing the interview with his sister, at which I had unintentionally been present.

It was a very painful scene. When he first understood that Ormiston had sought the meeting, his temper, usually calm, but perhaps now tried by such long hours of pain and heaviness, broke out with bitter expressions against both. I told him, shortly and warmly, that such remarks towards his sister were unmanly and unkind; and then he cried, like a chidden and penitent child, till his remorse was as painful to look upon as his passion. "Mary! my own Mary! even you, Hawthorne, know and feel her value better than I do! I for whom she has borne so much."

"I am much mistaken," said I, "if Ormiston has not learned to appreciate her even yet more truly. And why not?"

"Leave me now," he said; "I am not strong enough to talk; but if you wish to know what cause I have to speak as I have done of your friend Ormiston, you shall hear again."

So exhausted did he seem by the excess of feeling which I had so unfortunately called forth, that I would not see him again for some days, contenting

myself with learning that no relapse had taken place, and that he was still progressing rapidly towards recovery.

I had an invitation to visit my aunt again during the Easter vacation, which had already commenced, and had only been prevented from leaving Oxford by Russell's alarming state. As soon, therefore, as all danger was pronounced over, I prepared to go up to town at once, and my next visit to Russell was in fact to wish him good-by for two or three weeks. He was already sitting up, and fast regaining strength. He complained of having seen so little of me lately, and asked me if I had seen his sister. "I had not noticed it until the last few days," he said—"illness makes one selfish, I suppose; but I think Mary looks thin and ill—very different from what she did a month back."

But watching and anxiety, as I told him, were not unlikely to produce that effect; and I advised him strongly to take her somewhere for a few weeks for change of air and scene. "It will do you both good," I said; "and you can draw another L. 50 from your unknown friend for that purpose; it cannot be better applied, and I should not hesitate for a moment."

"I would not," he replied, "if I wanted money; but I do not. Do you know that Dr. Wilson would take no fee whatever from Mary during the whole of his attendance; and when I asked him to name some sufficient remuneration, assuring him I could afford it, he said he would never forgive me if I ever mentioned the subject again. So what remains of the fifty you drew for me, will amply suffice for a little trip somewhere for us. And I quite agree with you in thinking it desirable, on every account, that Mary should move from Oxford—perhaps altogether—for one reason, to be out of the way of a friend of yours."

"Ormiston?"

"Yes, Ormiston; he called here again since I saw you, and wished to see me; but I declined the honour. Possibly," he added bitterly, "as we have succeeded in keeping out of jail here, he thinks Mary has grown rich again." And then he went on to tell me, how, in the days of his father's reputed wealth, Ormiston had been a constant visitor at their house in town, and how his attentions to his sister had even attracted his father's attention, and led to his name being mentioned as likely to make an excellent match with the rich banker's daughter. "My father did not like it," he said, "for he had higher views for her, as was perhaps excusable—though I doubt if he would have refused Mary any thing. I did not like it for another reason: because I knew all the time how matters really stood, and that any man who looked for wealth with my sister would in the end be miserably disappointed. What Mary's own feelings were, and what actually passed between her and Ormiston, I never asked; but she knew my views on the subject, and would, I am certain, never have accepted any man under the circumstances in which she was placed, and which she could not explain. I did hope and believe, however, then, that there was sufficient high principle about Ormiston to save Mary from any risk of throwing away her heart upon a man who would desert her upon a change of fortune. I think he loved her at the time—as well as such men as he can love any one; but from the moment the crash came—Ormiston, you know, was in town at the time—there was an end of every thing. It was an opportunity for a man to show feeling if he had any; and though I do not affect much romance, I almost think that, in such a case, even an ordinary heart might have been warmed into devotion; but Ormiston—cold, cautious, calculating as he is—I could almost have laughed at the sudden change that came over him when he heard the news. He pretended, indeed, great interest for us, and certainly did seem cut up about it; but he had not committed himself, I conclude, and took care to retreat in time. Thank Heaven! even if Mary did ever care for him, she is not the girl to break her heart for a man who proves so unworthy of her regard. But why he should insist on inflicting his visits upon us now, is what I cannot make out; and what I will not endure."

I listened with grief and surprise. I knew well, that not even the strong prejudice which I believed Russell to have always felt against Ormiston, would tempt him to be guilty of misrepresentation: and, again, I gave him credit for too much penetration to have been easily deceived. Yet I could not bring myself all at once to think so ill of Ormiston. He had always been considered in pecuniary matters liberal almost to a fault; that he really loved Mary Russell, I felt more than ever persuaded; and, at my age, it was hard to believe that a few thousand pounds could affect any man's decision in such a point, even for a moment. Why, the very fact of her being poor and friendless was enough to make one fall in love with such a girl at once! So when Russell, after watching the effect of his disclosure, misconstruing my silence, proceeded to ask somewhat triumphantly—"Now, what say you of Mr. Ormiston?"—I answered at once, that I was strongly convinced there was a mistake.

"Ay," rejoined he with a sneering laugh; "on Ormiston's part, you mean; decidedly there was."

"I mean," said I, "there has been some misunderstanding, which time may yet explain: I do not, and will not believe him capable of what you impute to him. Did you ever ask your sister for a full and unreserved explanation of what has passed between them?"

"Never; but I know that she has shunned all intercourse with him as carefully as I have, and that his recently renewed civilities have given her nothing but pain." My own observation certainly tended to confirm this: So, changing the subject—for it was one on which I had scarce any right to give an opinion, still less offer advice, I asked whether I could do any thing for him in town; and, after exchanging a cordial good-by with Miss Russell, in whose appearance I was sorry to see confirmation of her brother's fears for her health, I took my leave, and the next morning saw me on the top of "The Age," on my way to town.

There I received a letter from my father, in which he desired me to take the opportunity of calling upon his attorney, Mr. Rushton, in order to have some leases and other papers read and explained to me, chiefly matters of form, but which would require my signature upon my coming of age. It concluded with the following P. S.:

"I was sorry to hear of your friend's illness, and trust he will now do very well. Bring him down with you at Christmas, if you can. I hear, by the way, there is a Miss Russell in the case—a very fascinating young lady, whom you never mention at all—a fact which your mother, who is up to all those things, says is very suspicious. All I can say is, if she is as good a girl as her mother was before her—I knew her well once—you may bring her down with you too, if you like."

How very unlucky it is that the home authorities seldom approve of any little affairs of the kind except those of which one is perfectly innocent! Now, if I had been in love with Mary Russell, the governor would, in the nature of things, have felt it his duty to be disagreeable.

I put off the little business my father alluded to day after day, to make way for more pleasant engagements, until my stay in town was drawing to a close. Letters from Russell informed me of his having left Oxford for Southampton,

where he was reading hard, and getting quite stout; but he spoke of his sister's health in a tone that alarmed me, though he evidently was trying to persuade himself that a few weeks' sea air would quite restore it. At last I devoted a morning to call on Mr Rushton, whom I found at home, though professing, as all lawyers do, to be full of business. He made my acquaintance as politely as if I had been the heir-expectant of an earldom, instead of the very moderate amount of acres which had escaped sale and subdivision in the Hawthorne family. In fact, he seemed a very good sort of fellow, and we ran over the parchments together very amicably—I almost suspected he was cheating me, he seemed so very friendly, but therein I did him wrong.

"And now, my dear sir," continued he, as we shut up the last of them, "will you dine with me to-day? Let me see; I fear I can't say before seven, for I have a great deal of work to get through. Some bankruptcy business, about which I have taken some trouble," he continued, rubbing his hands, "and which we shall manage pretty well in the end, I fancy. By the way, it concerns some friends of yours, too: is not Mr Ormiston of your college? Ay, I thought he was; he is two thousand pounds richer than he fancied himself yesterday."

"Really?" said I, somewhat interested; "how may I ask?"

"Why, you see, when Russell's bank broke—bad business that—we all thought the first dividend—tenpence-halfpenny in the pound, I believe it was—would be the final one; however, there are some foreign securities which, when they first came into the hands of the assignees, were considered of no value at all, but have gone up wonderfully in the market just of late; so that we have delayed finally closing accounts till we could sell them to such advantage as will leave some tolerable pickings for the creditors after all."

"Had Ormiston money in Mr. Russell's bank, then, at the time?"

"Oh, yes: something like eight thousand pounds: not all his own, though: five thousand he had in trust for some nieces of his, which he had unluckily just sold out of the funds, and placed with Russell, while he was engaged in making arrangements for a more profitable investment; the rest was his own."

"He lost it all, then?"

"All but somewhere about three hundred pounds, as it appeared at the time. What an excellent fellow he is! You know him well, I dare say. They tell me that he pays the interest regularly to his nieces for their money out of his own income still."

I made no answer to Mr Rushton at the moment, for a communication so wholly unexpected had awakened a new set of ideas, which I was busily following out in my mind. I seemed to hold in my hands the clue to a good deal of misunderstanding and unhappiness. My determination was soon taken to go to Southampton, see Russell at once, and tell him what I had just heard, and of which I had no doubt he had hitherto been as ignorant as myself. I was rather induced to take this course, as I felt persuaded that Miss Russell's health was suffering rather from mental than bodily causes; and, in such a case, a great deal of mischief is done in a short time. I would leave town at once.

My purse was in the usual state of an under-graduate's at the close of a visit to London; so, following up the train of my own reflections, I turned suddenly upon Mr Rushton, who was again absorbed in his papers, and had possibly forgotten my presence altogether, and attacked him with—

"My dear sir, can you lend me ten pounds?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Rushton, taking off his spectacles, and feeling in his pockets, at the same time looking at me with some little curiosity—"certainly—with great pleasure."

"I beg your pardon for taking such a liberty," said I, apologetically; "but I find I must leave town to-night."

"To-night!" said the lawyer, looking still more inquiringly at me; "I thought you were to dine with me?"

"I cannot exactly explain to you at this moment, sir, my reasons; but I have reasons, and I think sufficient ones, though they have suddenly occurred to me."

I pocketed the money, leaving Mr Rushton to speculate on the eccentricities of Oxonians as he pleased, and a couple of hours found me on the Southampton mail.

The Russells were surprised at my sudden descent upon them, but welcomed me cordially; and even Mary's pale face did not prevent my being in excellent spirits. As soon as I could speak to Russell by himself, I told him what I had heard from Mr Rushton.

He never interrupted me, but his emotion was evident. When he did speak, it was in an altered and humbled voice.

"I never inquired," he said, "who my father's creditors were—perhaps I ought to have done so; but I thought the knowledge could only pain me. I see it all now; how unjust, how ungrateful I have been! Poor Mary!"

We sat down, and talked over those points in Ormiston's conduct upon which Russell had put so unfavourable a construction. It was quite evident, that a man who could act with so much liberality and self-denial towards others, could have had no interested motives in his conduct with regard to Mary Russell; and her brother was now as eager to express his confidence in Ormiston's honour and integrity, as he was before hasty in misjudging him.

Where all parties are eager for explanation, matters are soon explained. Russell had an interview with his sister, which brought her to the breakfast table the next morning with blushing cheeks and brightened eyes. Her misgivings, if she had any, were easily set at rest. He then wrote to Ormiston a letter full of generous apologies and expressions of his high admiration of his conduct, which was answered by that gentleman in person by return of post. How Mary Russell and he met, or what they said, must ever be a secret, for no one was present but themselves. But all embarrassment was soon over, and we were a very happy party for the short time we remained at Southampton together; for, feeling that my share in the matter was at an end—a share which I contemplated with some little self-complacency—I speedily took my departure.

If I have not made Ormiston's conduct appear in as clear colours to the reader as it did to ourselves, I can only add, that the late misunderstanding seemed a painful subject to all parties, and that the mutual explanations were rather understood than expressed. The anonymous payment to Russell's credit at the Bank was no longer a mystery: it was the poor remains of the College Tutor's little fortune, chiefly the savings of his years of office—the bulk of which had been lost through the fault of the father—generously devoted to meet the necessities of the son. That he would have offered Mary Russell his heart and hand at once when she was poor, as he hesitated to do when she was rich, none of us for a moment doubted, had not his own embarrassments, caused by the failure of the bank, and the consequent claims of his orphan nieces, to replace whose little income he had contracted all his own expenses, made him hesitate to involve the woman he loved in an imprudent marriage.

They were married, however, very soon—and still imprudently, the world said, and my good aunt among the rest; for, instead of waiting an indefinite time for a good college living to fall in, Ormiston took the first that offered, a small vicarage of £300 a-year, intending to add to his income by taking pupils. However, fortune sometimes loves to have a laugh at the prudent ones, and put to the rout all their wise prognostications; for, during Ormiston's "year of grace"—while he still virtually held his fellowship, though he had accepted the living—our worthy old Principal died somewhat suddenly, and regret at his loss only gave way to the universal joy of every individual in the college, (except, I suppose, any disappointed aspirants,) when Mr Ormiston was elected almost unanimously to the vacant dignity.

Mr Russell the elder has never returned to England. On the mind of such a man, after the first blow, and the loss of his position in the world, the disgrace attached to his name had comparatively little effect. He lives in some small town in France, having contrived, with his known *clever management*, to keep himself in comfortable circumstances; and his best friends can only strive to forget his existence, rather than wish for his return. His son and daughter pay him occasional visits, for their affection survives his disgrace, and forgets his errors. Charles Russell took a first class, after delaying his examination a couple of terms, owing to his illness, and is now a barrister, with a reputation for talent, but as yet very little business. However, as I hear the city authorities have had the impudence to seize some of the college plate in discharge of a disputed claim for rates, and that Russell is retained as one of the counsel in an action of replevin, I trust he will begin a prosperous career, by contributing to win the cause for the "gown."

I spent a month with Dr and Mrs Ormiston at their vicarage in the country, before the former entered upon his official residence as Principal; and can assure the reader that, in spite of ten—it may be more—years of difference in age, they are the happiest couple I ever saw. I may almost say, the only happy couple I ever saw, most of my married acquaintance appearing at the best only contented couples, not drawing their happiness so exclusively from each other as suits my notion of what such a tie ought to be. Of course, I do not take my own matrimonial experience into account; the same principle of justice which forbids a man to give evidence in his own favour, humanely excusing him from making any admission which may criminate himself. Mrs Ormiston is as beautiful, as amiable, as ever, and has lost all the reserve and sadness which, in her maiden days, overshadowed her charms; and so sincere was and is my admiration of her person and character, and so warmly was I in the habit of expressing it, that I really believe my dilating upon her attractions used to make Mrs Francis Hawthorne somewhat jealous, until she had the happiness to make her acquaintance, and settled the point by falling in love with the lady herself.

M. ARAGO.

Continued.

As the printing-press and the steam-engine have, by their combined power, tended to elevate the less informed classes of every civilized people, by multiplying the means for the diffusion of knowledge, and by giving immensely increased facility, cheapness, and expedition to the interfusion of all classes, thus imparting, by mere social contact, the elevation of the more enlightened to the less informed, and without lowering the former, raising the latter, new intellectual exigencies have arisen; Philosophers have more varied calls on them. Their fellow-men ask them for the blessings of instruction in such form and measure as the duty of their avocations allow them to receive it. They knock at the gates of the temple of science, and supplicate that they may be thrown open to the world, and that all be admitted to worship and fall down in the "intima penetralia."

In a word, the public within the last half century, have called aloud for a system of adult instruction, more especially directed to the development of the laws and phenomena of nature, and to their most prominent applications to the uses of life.

But adult learners, engaged in the active business of life, and often occupied in daily toil cannot sit down to familiarize their minds with the technicalities of science; nor can they approach its truths by the severe paths marked out for the rigorously disciplined students of academies and universities. A new style of instruction, written as well as oral, by printed books as well as by spoken lectures, was, therefore, called into existence. Mechanics' institutions took the lead in this intellectual revolution. At first those who lent themselves to the innovation were regarded with a sinister look by their learned colleagues. The great leaders of the scientific corps stood aloof. The intrinsic utility of the thing, and the irresistible character of the public demand for it in every country holding any degree of advancement, forced forward the improvement; and at length some of the most eminent names were found amongst the labourers in this new field of scientific distinction.

First and most honoured stands the name of Henry Brougham. In establishing the "Library of Useful Knowledge," and affording an example and a pattern at once for the works which were to compose it, in his beautiful "Discourse upon the Objects and Pleasures of Science" he gave the first great impulse to the movement. This was soon followed by the publication of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, the scientific section of which was designed on a similar plan, but with somewhat an higher aim. Among the volumes that were produced in this miscellany, the work of Sir John Herschell, entitled "A Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy," formed an era in this kind of composition, and an event in the progress of scientific literature, which can never be forgotten; this work, which the venerated Mackintosh pronounced the most remarkable philosophical treatise which had appeared since the death of Bacon.

In examining the pretensions of M. Arago, and arriving at a just decision on the question raised between those whose idol he is, on the one hand, and those who would reduce him to the lowest rank in the community of science, on the other, it is necessary to keep in view these distinctions.

In original research, in observation and experiment, that highest field of scientific labour, M. Arago, say his detractors, "has done nothing." This statement is easily confuted. We have already related his early labours on the measurement of the meridional arc in conjunction with M. Biot. It may be admitted that in this there was nothing more than a fair promise in a young *savant*, which was appropriately and sufficiently rewarded by the distinction immediately conferred upon him.

In the year 1829, however, the Royal Society of London conferred upon him the Copley medal, an annual mark of honour, which is granted by that society to persons who by their original researches promote the advancement of physical science. It was conferred on M. Arago for his discoveries connected with the development of magnetism by rotation; an inquiry in which he was immediately followed by the labours of Babbage and Herschell. His countrymen esteem this mark of distinction to have brought with it more than usual honour,

from the consideration that M. Arago had frequently rendered himself conspicuous by his efforts to wrest from British savans the merit claimed for them as inventors and discoverers, an example of which is adduced in his researches into the early history of the steam-engine, in which he is regarded in France as having proved that that machine is of French invention. Those, however, who better know the feelings which animate the council of the Royal Society in the distribution of scientific honours, are aware how utterly groundless such ideas are.

M. Arago was associated with Gay Lussac in conducting the series of experiments by which the table exhibiting the relation between the pressure and temperature of steam was extended to the highest practicable degrees of tension.

Besides those we have just mentioned, may be found a few other instances of original research scattered through the proceedings of the Institute, and scientific periodicals.

Admitting to these all the credit that can be fairly claimed for them, when it is considered that forty years have now elapsed since the labours of this savant commenced; that he is a member of the Institute of thirty-seven years standing; that at the head of the Observatory, and in the laboratory and cabinets of the Polytechnic School, he had means of experimental inquiry and observation on an unusually large and liberal scale at his absolute command, it cannot be maintained that there is anything in these labours and researches to form the foundation for the widely-extended reputation which he enjoys.

M. Arago is not the author of any systematic work in any branch of science.

In the two departments of scientific labour which are considered as giving a title to the highest reputation, M. Arago has therefore done nothing in any degree proportionate to the fame and popularity which surround his name.

In those labours which are directed to popularize and diffuse science—to bring it to the doors of the man of the world—to adorn it with the graces of eloquence, Arago stands forward pre-eminent. This is the source of his popularity, and the foundation of his fame.

It has been the laudable practice of the Institute to commemorate each of its most distinguished members, after their decease, by a public eulogy or "éloge," which is read at one of its meetings, and published in its transactions. These eulogies are biographical sketches, in which the things which have been done or written for the advancement of science by the departed member, are explained and narrated with that encomium which such an occasion requires.

In the composition of those eulogies, Arago has obtained a great celebrity. No one living, perhaps, combines so many eminent qualifications for such a task, and accordingly these essays have been heard and read with the greatest manifestations of enthusiasm, and have received marks of unqualified admiration. It is usual to adapt such essays not to scientific men only, but to the world in general. It is, therefore, necessary, in explaining the works from which the deceased member has derived distinction, to divest the exposition of the technical language and symbols of science, to exhibit them with simplicity and clearness, and to clothe them in the language of eloquence and poetry. Conscious of his power, Arago easily seizes this opportunity of displaying it, and executes his task *con amore*. Like the chisel of the sculptor, amorous of the forms of beauty and grace which are developed under its edge, the pen of Arago dwells with undissembled delight on the sentences of those charming compositions. All who are interested in the literature of science, will recall the pleasure produced by the perusal of the *eloges* of Volta, Fresnel, Ampere, and Watt.

In didactic eloquence, M. Arago has had few equals—no superior. In the scientific essays of Lord Brougham there are many qualities unfolded which exhibit the same character of genius. Indeed, between these two illustrious men there are many analogies sufficiently striking. Both are gifted with the same fluency, ease, simplicity, and clearness. Both have the rare facility of rendering simple that which is complicated; of shedding the light of their mind on that which is obscure; of clearing to the uninitiated the thorny paths that lead to the temple of science. Both have been the ardent apostles of the diffusion of knowledge, and have stimulated others in the prosecution of that holy labour, by precept and example. Both have combined the character apparently incompatible, of the politician who rushes into the conflict of the chambers and mounts the rostrum of the popular assembly, with that of the grave instructor, who unfolds the laws of the physical universe, reads to his astonished auditors what has been going on in the heavens for countless ages gone by, and foretells what will happen there for countless ages to come.

As a savant, we find many points of resemblance between Arago and Sir John Herschel. The celebrated discourse on Natural Philosophy exhibits, in the felicity of its style of exposition and illustration, those endowments which have contributed to raise Arago to so high a pitch of popularity.

As an oral teacher, Faraday exhibits, though in an inferior degree, the qualities which annually attract such crowds to the astronomical lectures delivered at the *observatoire*.

Though not deficient in some familiarity with the pure mathematics, M. Arago has not acquired that profound knowledge of them which his scientific position is considered to demand. That he is not ignorant, as some of his detractors have said, of this branch of science is proved by the chair he filled for so many years in the Polytechnic School. But that he has not, on the other hand, prosecuted these studies so as to avail himself of them to any considerable extent, is equally certain.

It has been objected, that nothing contributing materially to the advancement of practical astronomy has issued from the observatory under his directorship; that he is neither an observer himself, nor has he the power of turning the observations of his assistants to profitable account.

Notwithstanding that it cannot be denied, that such animadversions may be to some extent justified, the friends of M. Arago reply, that no savant ever displayed more activity and untiring industry. "Ask," say they, "his assistants and colleagues in the observatory respecting his course of life. They will relate to you, with unaffected astonishment, the incredible amount of mental labour which he undergoes; that he esteems that man idle who toils less than fourteen hours a day; they will tell you of the pile of correspondence, memorials, and petitions which daily load his table, relating to politics, physics, chemistry, mechanics, astronomy, natural history, and even philosophy and literature! They will tell you of his correspondence with every part of Europe; with Asia, with America, north and south; they will tell you of the uncounted committees on politics, science, and the arts, of which he is an active member; they will tell you of the plans which he has daily to examine and report upon, of the memoirs he has to analyze, and of his weekly work, as perpetual secretary and man of all work of the Institute, and they will then ask you, is not that enough to earn his reputation?"

With all these calls on his attention, no one is more accessible than M. Arago. The government, the municipality, public and private establishments connected with industry and the useful arts, find in him an adviser always ready and disin-

terested. Yet in the midst of duties so absorbing, and calls so various, there is no one seen in the salons of Paris who shares more freely, and enjoys more intensely the pleasures of society.

Arago is ambitious. He shares, in a large measure, that love of glory which is the peculiar attribute of his countrymen. This passion fills his soul. Had he been a soldier, he would have been a marshal of France, the victor of an hundred fights. He seeks fame, but is not satisfied with that remote fame which comes when the bones of its owner crumble in the dust. He loves immediate honour, and thirsts for popularity. This he courts in science, in letters, in politics;—in the observatory, in his closet, in the senate, and at the hustings.

Arago is of an impetuous temper. A violent political partizan, he carries into science and letters the spirit which animates him in the tribune, and allows his estimates of the merits and claims of his contemporaries to be biased by the hostilities or the partialities produced by their respective political opinions. Filled with the aspiring ambition so peculiar to his country, he claims for it the first and highest place in everything which can elevate its fame. There is no invention in art, or discovery in science, which he will not strain every sinew of his mind to claim for France. If he notices the steam-engine, he is sure to prove that admirable machine to be of French origin; according to him, the Philadelphia experiment of drawing lightning from the clouds which all the world believes to be due to Franklin, is in reality due to a Frenchman.

If it could be assumed that France might have existed before paradise, M. Arago would demonstrate, beyond the possibility of dispute, that Adam and Eve were made, not as is commonly believed, by God, but by a Frenchman.

In his capacity of astronomer royal, M. Arago delivers each season, at the observatory, a course of lectures on astronomy. These are exquisite models of popular didactic eloquence. Notwithstanding the inconvenient locality of the observatory, and the inconvenient hours at which they are given, the theatre is filled with an audience of seven or eight hundred persons of both sexes, and of every class, who hang on the lips of the lecturer with mute and unrelaxing attention, the most grateful homage to his genius.

As a member of the Board of Longitude, M. Arago directs the publication of the "Annuaire," an almanack issued at a low price for general use by the French government. As an appendix to this work, *notices* on scientific subjects, written in a popular style, have for many years appeared. The notices of "The Steam-Engine," "Comets," "Artesian Wells," "Thunder and Lightning," "Eclipses," will be fresh in the memory of all readers. The form of its publication, the utility of its contents and tables, and its extreme cheapness (it is sold in France at one franc, equal to tenpence,) have combined to give it an enormous circulation throughout every part of the world. Nothing has so largely contributed to the universal diffusion of M. Arago's name as this little annual volume. The tact shown in the selection of the topics for the "notices" is not less striking than the felicity of the style in which they are composed. That a reputation has resulted from them, considering its extent and universality, altogether disproportionate to their claims as scientific compositions, is undeniable; and that the reaction produced thus, among the scientific community, should give rise to hostile strictures and depreciating animadversions on the author is natural. The "notices" will nevertheless be read, and the name of the writer echoed in places where these strictures shall never be heard, and at times when they shall be forgotten.

The convulsions which attended the Revolution of July did not suddenly terminate. They were followed from time to time by popular outbreaks in Paris, in which the civil force and the militia of the National Guard were called upon to act. The government itself was unsettled, and the counsellors of the crown, with new functions and uncertain responsibilities, were distracted and divided—the more so, because, although the principle of the royal irresponsibility was adopted in the constitution, the personal character of Louis Philippe, not less than the exigencies and well-being of the state, did not permit that monarch to assume the position of the *Lay Figure*, to which the sovereign is reduced in England. In these *émeutes*, M. Arago was often called to appear either casually, or by his office as a deputy, or as an officer of the National Guard.

In the events which resulted in the pillage and destruction of the archbishop's palace in February, 1831, and which menaced the metropolitan church of Notre Dame, he appeared as colonel of the twelfth legion of the National Guard. During the night of the 14th, the populace in several quarters had committed violence, which presaged the proceedings of the morning. At the break of day, groups had assembled in the streets around the Palais Royale. These avenues, however, were efficiently guarded, and mysterious leaders appeared among the people, who artfully directed their course towards the Pont Neuf, and thence to the precincts of Notre Dame. On the alarm being given, the drums beat to arms, and the National Guards of the twelfth legion assembled, under the command of M. Arago, in the quarter of the Pantheon, whence they marched to the river, and crossed by the bridge near the cathedral. The adjutant of the battalion, the Comte de Clonard, in passing the crowd, unintentionally struck, and mortally wounded, one of the people. The bleeding man was carried on the shoulders of the mob to the precincts of the church, amid shouts of vengeance. Meanwhile the Comte escaped. M. Arago, following the sufferer, had him brought to the hospital (Hotel Dieu), near the bridge, and left him in proper medical care. He had scarcely, however, reappeared at the gate of the hospital when he was surrounded by the populace who, accusing him of the murder, dragged him to the quay wall, from which they were about to fling him into the Seine. To his courage and presence of mind, and perhaps also to his general popularity, he was indebted for his safety.

M. Arago, returning to the head of his troop, led them round the cathedral to the archbishop's palace adjacent to it. Here a scene presented itself which baffles description. The iron balustrades around the palace had been torn down, and bent like wax under human force. The rich apartments were filled with the populace. Every window was thrown open, and the demon of destruction raged within. Rich candelabras, paintings, costly marbles, ornamental tables and chairs, carved wainscoting, splendid mirrors, rare books, priceless manuscripts, rich crucifixes, pontifical robes of cloth of gold, missals, were showered from every window into the surrounding court and streets, amidst a storm of bravos, shouts of laughter, and cries of fury. The destroying angel seemed to fly through the building.

The ninth legion of the Guard had arrived before Arago, and had entered both the palace and the church. They were paralysed by what they beheld, and wandered through the rooms passive spectators of the scene, without order or discipline.

With a force inadequate to quell the *émeute*, M. Arago was compelled to look on and behold losses irreparable to art and science, inflicted by a blind and infuriate mob. He despatched one of his subalterns (a brother of M. Montalivet) to represent at head quarters what was going on, and to demand a reinforcement. No reinforcement came, and Arago became assured of what he had pre-

viously suspected, that the emeute was connived at by the government for sinister purposes. He was still more confirmed in this impression when he was told that distinguished persons were seen in the neighbourhood discouraging the National Guards from interfering with the people. He was assured in particular that M. Thiers, then one of the under secretaries of state, was seen walking round the ruins with a gratified look, and a smile on his lips.

The cathedral itself was now menaced. Some persons had got upon the roof, apparently with the intention of knocking down the stone cross with which it was surmounted. Meanwhile a part of the mob had come round to the front gate, which they were in the act of forcing, with the view of destroying the contents of the church, and attacking a party of the ninth legion which occupied it, under M. de Schonen. M. Arago, seeing the impending ruin, and trembling for the precious objects of art and relics of antiquity within, left his troop, which was stationed in an adjacent street, and traversing the crowd, whom his tall form overtopped by the head, rushed amongst the foremost and, pointing at the cross, exclaimed:—"Behold that cross which shakes under the blows of the destroyers! Its height alone makes it seem small. It is in reality an enormous mass of stone. Would you await its fall in the midst of you, bringing with it, as it will, the stone balustrade below it! Away, away, or I swear to you that to-night your children and your wives will have to weep your loss!" Saying this, he himself suddenly retreated, putting an appearance of fright in his looks.

The crowd, infected with the fear they saw manifested by one whose courage they did not doubt, and whose knowledge they respected, precipitately fled in every direction. In a moment Arago led his troop into the place they deserted, and occupied every approach to the church.

On the occasion of the disturbances which took place in Paris on the 5th and 6th June, 1832, a meeting of the members of the opposition was held at the residence of Lafitte, at which it was resolved to send a deputation to the king at the Tuilleries, charged with representing to him that the existing disorders, and the blood of the people, which then flowed in the streets of the capital, were the miserable consequences of the policy adopted by the government ever since the revolution of 1830, and to supplicate him to change his counsels. This deputation consisted of Arago, O'Dillon Barrot, and Lafitte. Before their arrival at the palace, the revolt was in a great degree quelled. Admitted to the cabinet of Louis Philippe he received them with his usual frankness and cordiality. They represented that now that the victory was gained, the time for the exercise of clemency approached; that the occasion was favourable for the correction of past errors; that the moment at which the law triumphed over disorder was a fitting one for a change of system, the necessity of which was generally admitted; that the popularity of the crown had been compromised, party hatreds existed, civil discord awakened, all which were consequences of the system of vindictive rigour which had been pursued.

The answer of the king vindicated the policy of his advisers and threw on the factions, and on the opposition themselves, the blame of the evils which ensued. Arago replied in language not to be mistaken, that his resolution was taken not to accept any office under such a government. O'Dillon Barrot was uttering a like declaration when the king, interrupting him, and striking him, with a friendly gesture, on the knee, said, "M. Barrot, I do not accept your renunciation of office."

On the departure of the deputation the king observed to one of his intimate friends, who waited in an adjoining room—"M. Barrot was sententious and gentle; M. Lafitte, solemn; and M. Arago, extremely petulant."

M. Arago was elected for the first time to the Chamber of Deputies, in 1831, by the electoral college of his native place, Perpignan. He immediately took his place among the party of the extreme left, which represented opinions as republican as was compatible with a seat in the Chamber. When this party, before the general election, issued the manifesto to the electors, since known by the name of the "comte-rendue," which was followed by the dissolution of the party, Arago, who had signed that document, ranked himself with his friends, Dupont de l'Eure and Lafitte, in irreconcilable enmity with the government, to which he has ever since offered the most persevering and untiring opposition. Among his parliamentary speeches, one of the most remarkable and successful was that directed against the fortifications of Paris, and more especially against those detached forts which have been erected outside the fortifications, in such positions as to command every egress from the city.

In 1837, when a coalition was attempted between different sections of the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, and an effort was prepared to resist the corrupt influences of government at the elections, Arago was, by common consent, associated with Lafitte and Dupont de l'Eure to represent the democratic party. The combined weight of these three names was relied on as a tower of strength. The dynastic opposition was to be invited to a coalition. If it should accede, a party would be formed against which no ministry could stand. If not, no opposition could prevail which should be deprived of these names. A committee was ultimately formed to act upon the elections through the press, of which Arago was a leading member; and although the fusion of the two sections of the opposition was found impracticable, much was done to augment the Liberal party. Arago obtained a double return, being elected by two separate colleges.

The ultra-Radical part which Arago has played in the Chamber, and the unrelaxing and virulent spirit of his opposition to government have, in some measure, impaired the benefits which the nation and the government might have derived from eminent talents. His speech on the establishment of railways in France, and that against the undue weight given to classical studies in the system of public instruction were each marked with a certain irritating spirit, dogmatic, and offensively aggressive, which, setting at defiance a large section of the Chamber, obstructed the influence of the lucid and practical views which he advanced, and which, if presented in a different spirit, could not have failed to produce a profound impression.

Arago derives much power in the senate by his renown as a savant. A certain prestige attaches to his presence, which, when he rises to speak, represses every murmur. No noisy marks, whether of assent or dissent, are heard. A respectful silence is observed equally by friend and foe. Every countenance, leaning forward, is marked with an unequivocal expression of attentive curiosity. Every ear inclines, greedy for his words. His lofty stature, his hair curled and flowing, his fine southern head, command the audience. In the muscular play of his noble front, in which the wrinkles appear and disappear like the ripple on the ocean, there are indications of habits of meditation and power of will.

A mind so organized could not have resigned itself, in the actual condition of society in France, to the tranquil labours of the observatory or the study. Versatile in its endowments, it would yearn for action after the quietude of study. The agitation of human affairs would be sought after, as a contrast to the solemnity and repose presented by the rolling orbs of the firmament. The tempest of the forum would be welcomed after the silent grandeur of nature.

Although he derives as much of his power from the intensity of passion as from the prestige of his science, he cannot confront an adverse assembly with that towering superiority which makes the great orator. He cannot behold the tempestuous movements of that assembled people, and the outbursts of opposition, with the scornful indifference of Mirabeau. An unfavourable reception would chill the fervour of his inspiration, and relax the vigour of his soul. Happily, he is not exposed to such trials. He is listened to, generally, by those who love to hear and comprehend him.

It is related by one who knows him, that one fine evening in spring, walking with his family in the garden of the observatory, he alluded to the subject on which he intended to speak the next day in the chamber, and mentioned the observations he intended to make. He rehearsed, in a manner his intended speech.

"The question to be discussed," says a friend, who was present on the occasion, "was the vindication of the people from the contempt manifested towards them by the aristocracy, by showing the extent to which the people have been the means of advancing the sciences, enumerating the great men who have arisen among them. Carried away by the enthusiasm with which the subject filled him, Arago rose gradually from the familiar tone in which he had begun, and became more and more animated and sublime. I fancy still, when I behold the elevated terrace of the garden which overlooked Paris, that I see his tall figure, like an Arab chief, with head uncovered and arm extended, his eye full of fire, his hair agitated by the wind, his fine forehead lit by the red rays of the setting sun. No; never was aspect more majestic—never did man clothe his thoughts in terms more noble and more solemn. Yet, the next day I went to hear him in the Chamber deliver the intended speech, and could scarcely recognize the individual of the preceding evening, so sensible did he appear to the murmurs with which his allusions to the people were received by the sprinkling of aristocrats in the Chamber."

It may be asked why, if Arago be a republican in spirit, he should submit to the conditions which a seat in the Chamber under the monarchy of July requires?

To say that Arago is a republican is not strictly true. Like his late friend, Lafitte, and like Dupont de l'Eure, and others of the same section of the Chamber, it is not that he believes at this moment possible a great European republican state, but he thinks that republicanism is the centre, towards which European states are gravitating, and into which, in the fulness of time, they will successively fall, and that France will be the first. He regards republicanism as the most exalted form of the most advanced civilization.

When we consider how prone men of science and letters are, when they arrive at political stations and influence, to prostrate themselves at the steps of thrones, and exhibit subservience to ministerial power, and what complaisant apologies despotism everywhere finds in them, we cannot too much admire the spirit of independence with which Arago has rendered himself an exception to this formula, so derogatory to the dignity of mind. And in his case the temptation was even greater than it was wont to be, for his voice was all-powerful at a time when the sovereign, recently seated on his new and unsteady throne, without the support of an aristocracy of wealth or rank, stood in need of the countenance of the aristocracy of intellect. Arago, if compliant, might have obtained from the royalty of the barricades everything which could gratify his ambition. He accepted nothing, but preserved his dignity and independence.

Arago fills a considerable number of public functions, most of which are elective, and some unsalaried. He is Director of the Observatory, a Member of the Board of Longitude, perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, Member of the superior Council of the Polytechnic School, Member of the Council-General of the Seine, of the Committee of Public Health, Colonel in the National Guards, Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and Commander of the Legion of Honour. He has been elected also a corresponding member of most of the principal learned societies of Europe, and on the occasion of his visit to England, had the civic honours conferred upon him by the corporations of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

THE PHANTOM CARAVAN.—AN ARAB LEGEND.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

One evening, a solitary Arab was leaning against a lonely tower, a fragment of olden times that stood in the very heart of the desert. His dress was that of a Bedouin, and his form was unusually spare. He appeared to have known little shelter from the sun, for the red and yellow kerchief which shielded both head and shoulders, was so tanned by constant exposure, and his white cloak was so soiled by the sands, that he might have lain like a lizard on the ground, and been passed by unnoticed. There he stood alone, where there was no tent but the sky, no sojourners but the stones, no travellers but the sun and stars, and he scowled as gloomily upon the waste around him, as do the guardian rocks of the desert's borders upon the stranger who is about to venture upon their perilous expanse. Before him there was a hollow in the soil, of basin-like aspect, and on its rim were a few stunted and withered plants as if there had been once water there.

The day had been, like a long series of its predecessors, clear and hot, but the evening was lurid, and a haze had risen, at first spreading its fiery wings across the azure heavens, and then consolidating itself into a great overhanging bank, which shut up the hot air below and rendered it noxious and suffocating.

A caravan was approaching from beneath this portentous sunset. It seemed as if gliding out of light into darkness, and its pace was slow and listless in the extreme. At its head was the experienced Bakri, who had in his long and arduous life-time conducted many a caravan across the desert, unlike in that respect the Jew, Julius Schalmalat, to whom a monument at Palmyra ascribes the honour of having conducted *one* caravan in safety.

Bakri was mounted on a neat-limbed Damascus ass, and he held in one hand the halter of the leading camel, his chibuk or pipe, hanging neglected in the other. A familiar eye could alone have detected in his travel-worn features an expression of anxiety gleaming through a countenance habitually composed by the most perfect resignation to the will of the Almighty. A half-naked Nubian slave walked by his side, rolling a pebble to and fro in his parched mouth. The hoofs of the camels sank into the sands with the sound of red-hot iron dipped into hissing water and their tiny bells tinkled in the hot air with a faint and muffled sound.

A few mounted Arabs hung upon the skirts of the caravan, but there was little movement, save that of a slow and painful progress, even with them. Their horses appeared to be tired past endurance, and the plumes of black ostrich feathers which tasselled their spears seemed to droop as if mourning over master and steed. As the camels came more distinctly into sight, piles of goods parched and cracking in every direction became discernible, and luxurious mer-

chants lay gasping upon gilt wove tunics which they would have gladly bartered for a cup of water.

One young horseman alone kept his place by the long line of camels. He rode by the side of a sleek young animal which bore a light weight, the little travelling house of an eastern lady. And ever and anon he seemed to look anxiously up, and to speak in terms of encouragement to its invisible tenant. But slowly and hopelessly, for even the prospect of relief appeared incapable of arousing man or beast to exertion, did the caravan approach the ruined pile which indicated the site of the lonely well in the desert, Ain al furaj kadimah, "the spring of the old monument."

"Allah! which of the fountain-spirits is this, my brother, who, with a repose so ominous, scowls over the well?" exclaimed Bakri, as he perceived the frail stature of the Bedouin standing in musing attitude by the basin-like hollow. And he followed this involuntary exclamation by a silent prayer that the Holy Prophet would see them safe through their journey, reserving, at the same time, certain low mutterings concerning the Jinn Ayun, or spirits of the springs, for his innermost man. Old Bakri was satisfied from the absence of all emotion on the part of the experienced four-footed friend that stalked along by his side, that there was no water in the well; but, with the resignation of a true believer, he proceeded on as if nothing had happened, and taking a circular sweep, fell into a position, so that the whole of the caravan as it came up, was marshalled in a kind of semi-circular disposition round where water ought to have been. As camel after camel and rider after rider took its place, not a word or a lamentation was heard. Each and all had become tacitly aware of the wreck of their last hope, and grief and suffering attained an intensity which exceeded all expression. The Bedouin remained all this time at the same spot, watching, to all appearance with deep sympathy and anxiety, the movements of the doomed crowd.

As the young camel in its turn knelt down, the attendant Arab opened the curtains, but only to find the object of his attentions speechless and sinking. He turned to his steed, and glancing inquiringly at its appearance, muttered,

"Yes, it must be done, or by to-morrow's sunrise all will be over."

Flinging himself on his saddle, he rode at once to the Bedouin, and, after the usual salutation, asked the way to the nearest tents. A simple extension of a gaunt finger towards the dark bank which was now approaching nearer and nearer, was the only answer. The young Arab turned and sighed, and then repeated his question somewhat more peremptorily. The finger was now pointed in the direction from whence the sun had risen up that morning like a radiant furnace. The young man rode on. The Bedouin watched him for some time and, as his slim figure faded away among the sands of his fatherland, he shook his head and turned again to contemplate the half-living, half-perishing crowd before him. The figures of the men and beasts which composed that caravan appeared then in harmony with the scene around, where the ground gave food to nothing save the serpent, and dead bodies could alone find rest; and a strange smile played upon his lips.

By this time the dense black arch of clouds stretching across the whole of the visible horizon overhung the caravan with its fringed outline. The space underneath was filled up with dust, pebbles, and plants, torn by this fierce whirlwind from the surface of the wilderness, and the line of its base as it rapidly approached, was distinct as a pall. In its overhanging fringe the colour passed from pale yellow to a brighter orange, but in its central parts the moving mass was of a fiery colour, as if reddened by anger, and where its base breasted and buried itself in the ocean of sand, it was dark as night.

The sun arose next morning upon a lifeless heap of men and women, of camels and horses, lying amidst sand and stones and scattered plants, unentombed. How still those horsemen—how fearfully still their steeds! On the dead camels sat also the dead merchants—a wholesale host glittering in an intrenched camp of sand—a silent wreck of living things. The Bedouin approached nigh but they moved not, he challenged them but they spoke not; the samna had done its work of death and had left it to the samnum (commonly but erroneously written both in singular and plural simoon) to do theirs—to bury the dead. The samna delights to return to the scenes of its former devastations. It abides by them with the fierce tenacity of the hyæna to the grave-yard.

The same sun also rose that fatal morning upon an encampment of Arabs, dispersed within a hollow embanked space, where once stood a proud city. Here bustle and activity had prevailed since break of day. Horsemen were giving to their steeds, picketed before the tent-doors, a hasty feed, or were lingering to tie their belly-bands flapping in the morning air, for all were ready saddled, and their masters held their spears in their hands, impatient to be off on a hurried expedition. It was an expedition of succour. In another spot a number of females were busy refreshing with draughts of camel's milk a youth who lay faint by the side of a dead horse.

At this moment there came into the encampment—no one knew how—a stranger, apparently a Bedouin from the desert, yet fresh as the bird that has just dipped his wings in the morning dew. Stepping hastily towards the object of the women's solicitude, he informed him that rain had fallen from the clouds and that the caravan had been enabled to continue its journey. The young man rallied at this unhopd-for intelligence and the news spread like a watchword through the encampment, putting a stop to the preparations making for assistance.

"Are they coming here?" was now the general question.

"No! they will reach the river at the usual point, at Al Kayim," was the answer.

"Then I must meet them there," said the youth, looking sorrowfully at his lifeless steed, and from it to the stranger, whom he now first recognised as the solitary tenant of the ruins at the spring, and an involuntary shudder crept through his frame.

The young Arab's limbs were supple and active, his anxiety was irrepressible, and regardless of the sun, he walked on all that day and reached the mounds and date groves of Al Kayim the same evening. The caravan he knew would not travel by day, and could therefore only reach the same place after the ensuing night's march.

The night was cool and pleasant, and as he sat by the Euphrates' banks, the breeze lifted the tiny wavelets to come and spend themselves at his feet. The birds of night flapped the waters with their heavy wings, and stars glimmered through the broad fronds of the palm trees like little lamps illuminating the grove. But time seemed to hang wearily with the Arab, and long before day-break he had already noted in his mind the time when the caravan must be approaching.

At length, before the sun had bared one-half its glorious disc above the horizon, the tinkle tinkle of little bells fell upon his delighted ears. He rose from the shelter of the palm, and gained the side of the grove where it faced the desert. There, to his infinite joy, was the same sturdy old camel in the van, the contented Bakri astride upon his hairless donkey, and the Nubian lighting his

pipe by his side. One after the other camels and horsemen winded along, and soon the little house with its clean white covering and its embroidered trappings, came up also. The young man could scarcely contain himself, but Arab pride and decency forbade the exhibition of tumultuous feelings or the use of undignified exclamations. He walked by the side of the sleek young camel, trembling for the moment when with the rest it would kneel down at the customary halting-place by the river's banks.

Dimly and indistinctly at first, but gradually with horrible certainty, he saw Bakri, the father of regularity, and his experienced camel and his imperturbable Nubian move onwards across the broad waters, their forms becoming fainter as they proceeded, till they appeared as if fading away and becoming totally lost in a mist before his straining eyes. As each laden camel or mounted horseman came up, so it went on and passed away. Vision-like, each in succession advanced only to disappear, and so it happened also to his own sleek camel and its much loved burthen.

A lonely Arab dwelt for a long time after this event in the desolate groves of Al Kayim, where every morning at sun-rise he was known to welcome, with ever recurring delight, the arrival of a lost caravan. The spirit of the spring had left him the only solace possible in his bereavement, never to know his loss. The roving Arabs provided for the few wants of one, who in their eyes was sanctified by his illusions; and when he became aged, and ultimately died watching the caravan as it disappeared for the last time over the waters, they erected to his memory a square mausoleum surmounted by a dome, which is still to be seen on the summit of the mounds of Al Kayim.

THE USE OF THE CORSET.

Translation of a letter to a lady from Dr. Reville Paris.

Although I have every desire to justify the confidence you honor me with, you must admit, madame, you put me to rather a severe proof. You ask my opinion upon the employment of corsets—whether they are, in fact, as injurious to the health of women, as has been said; and whether medical men have not, on this point, somewhat exaggerated? I well know with what scruples and fears your maternal affection fills you on this point. Your daughter, whom I have attended from her infancy, approaches an age at which a desire to please is very natural. But is it possible to please without an elegant form? and can this be attained without a narrow waist?—or, in other words, without the aid of the corset? These are important questions, not to be decided without care and circumspection. It is long since the subject has been agitated, but always uselessly, the triumph of the corset only becoming the more assured. Rousseau changed the opinions of his contemporaries on many points. By his eloquent declamations he obliged mothers to suckle their offspring; and more than this, his doctrines and principles have shaken kingdoms, raised nations against kings, and cast down the powerful; society has been moved to its lowest depths, and Europe convulsed for fifty years. But I ask you what has this philosopher gained against whalebones transformed into corsets? Absolutely nothing. In vain did he say that a woman in a corset was destitute of grace, and seemed cut in two, like a wasp; the witticism obtained currency, but the thing remained. Peter I. humiliates and dissolves his formidable force, the Strelitz, scarcely a murmur being heard; he obliges the Russians to shave their heads, and he is seriously menaced; but what would have become of him had he dared prescribe the Russian ladies the use of whalebone, or had in any way meddled with their toilet? The Emperor, Joseph II., prohibited the use of corsets, and ordained that criminals only condemned to labor should wear them. All this was useless at the end of a few years.

But what then is this formidable power which carries the day against kings, philosophers, physicians, reason, and common sense? Who is there that is ignorant of it? Who does not know its imperious decisions, its sentences without appeal? In fact, does not *fashion* govern the world; and, as regards your sex, is it not the only sovereign who reigns and governs? Upon those who violate her decree she inflicts the chastisement of ridicule, and at once all opposition ceases. Reason may raise her voice, but every ear is closed. Reason advises, fashion acts; so that we may easily guess which will prove victorious.

You see, then, madame, why this subject so learnedly treated by so many doctors, has as yet furnished such unsatisfactory results. I maintain the principle, however, that we must never weary in preaching the good and the useful. Something always results; and in this manner a great evil may become diminished, and a small one reduced to nothing. How many strange customs, prejudicial to health, have disappeared with time and perseverance to good advice! I might cite the swaddling clothes and bandages of children, and the hairy pig-tails, hair-powder, garters, and buckles of men.

What would you say if somebody seriously proposed to you to forcibly compress one of your limbs for a long period? They might indeed tell you that the smaller it became, the more elegant it would be; but you would not fail to resist such torture. Besides the pain, the compressed part would soon diminish in size, and waste away more or less completely. The pale and thin muscles would no longer enjoy their natural vigor and activity, the vessels would diminish in size, and the part soon lose its strength and beauty. Now, do you not think that this same compression, exerted upon parts of the body which contain the most delicate and important organs, must be attended with yet more disastrous consequences? These organs, pushed, squeezed, agglomerated together, necessarily lose that development which is indispensable for their action and energy. And observe, this pressure is not made upon any insulated point; it embraces an extensive surface, and just that which corresponds to the organs which are the very source of life. Take a large corset, and measure its height and diameter; and afterwards, when it is tightened to the degree fashion requires and suffering permits, compare these measurements with the body of the person who wears it, and you will be astonished at the result.

But where is the use of reasoning or experience for those who are convinced not only that the corset is not injurious, but that it is useful? Who is not aware that a thousand marvellous qualities are attributed to it? It supports the waist, strengthens the body, gives grace to the movements, and so on! As to its inconveniences, these are rarely alluded to, or wholly denied. Far more than this if the shape is ungainly, the corset will rectify everything; and it even cures a vicious conformation of the spine and chest! No sooner are the fatal words, "She is all one sided," pronounced respecting a young girl, than every description of corset fit for the reparation, or at all events, the disguise of the evil, is sent for; the fact being, that these corsets, so far from relieving the deformity, assist and augment it, by compressing, enfeebling and wasting the muscles. No matter; the torture continues, as if this fact were not known. The patience of women in this respect is worthy of admiration. Ask any of them if she is not too tight, but never will she allow it, however extreme her sufferings.

It must not however, be believed that this instrument of torture is of modern invention. More than one poet of antiquity has reproached his countrywomen

with its employment. The Greek ladies had their *sefodasne*, and the Roman matrons their *castula*, a kind of small tunic which was fastened around the waist. According to Ovid (*Fasti* iv. 147), the corset would seem to have been in as great request among the Roman girls as among our own. Yet women of other nations reject this article of dress with advantage. Lady W. Montagu observes, that nothing can be more admirable than the forms of the Turkish ladies, who regarded her corset as a machine in which she had been enclosed by her husband, and whence she could not extricate herself. The Spanish women, also, so celebrated for the elegant contour of their shapes, do not employ the corset. It was only during the lifetime of Catherine de Medicis that the custom of wearing the tightened corset was introduced into France.

Some women have discontinued this article of dress, whether from fancy or necessity, without sustaining any inconvenience. It is the long habit of wearing it which deceives most. Without it they do not seem dressed—as if something were wanting. This may be so for the first day or two of the experiment, but at the end of a fortnight the loss would not be perceived; just as in the case of a ring worn long on the finger, or any other object habitually employed. Many young women, obliged to renounce this strange article of the toilet, have quickly found their health improve. The blood has then been allowed free circulation, the lungs full expansion; and the free movements permitted to the body have soon reproduced and preserved that fresh, animated complexion, the principal beauty of the young, but which they so rarely possess in large towns. Surely the preservation of health is of more consequence than the retention of these pieces of whalebone. If a young woman, with the most beautiful form and richest portion, does not possess health, adieu to happiness and pleasure, for her life is strewn with thorns. Exemption from suffering is almost everything in our rapid and short passage through life; but to suffer from one's own fault, because we have desired it—is this not deserving the chastisement which we have braved, but which awaits us?

What is most singular, is, that women are aware of the injuriousness of the corset—they instinctively feel that its action is an unnatural and eminently hurtful one. Here is the proof. If by accident, a lady falls ill in a crowded assembly of any kind, a general cry is raised by the others, "Cut her lace!" This is done instantly—the compressing machine is opened, air rushes into the lungs, the victim breathes, and recovers; which, however, will not prevent her recommencing the next day, so inexorable and powerful in this malicious demon-fashion.

I am aware, that in appreciating on the one hand these inconveniences of the corset, and on the other wishing to sacrifice to custom, you will ask me if there is not some form of this machine less dangerous than another. It is true that the form and size exert much influence on the results and effects which are produced; so that large, strongly whaleboned, or busked, stiff, elastic corsets—*cuirasse corsets*—are more hurtful than small ones; but the degree of constriction exerted is the one simple and essential measure of the degree of mischief occasioned. In fact, the varieties of form are of little consequence. A corset which is exactly adapted to the body, without exerting too much constriction or compression, without impeding development of growth, or producing any ill effect, does not exist; and this philosopher's stone of a model corset will never be discovered, whatever pains be taken. It is impossible to mould the form of a nymph in an apparatus of iron. An evident proof that these machines are hurtful, is derived from the fact, that the endeavor is constantly made to render them as little fatiguing as possible. The material has been varied; they have been constructed of caoutchouc, and transformed into light apparatus permeable to air; and some are capable of instantaneous unlacing. But all this is useless. The grand hygienic problem of a corset without danger, will probably for ever remain unsolved. In all there is this dilemma—either the corset is worn loose, and then where is its utility? or it exerts compression, and is then dangerous. Whenever I see these perfidious instruments of torture exposed for sale, I cannot avoid shuddering at thinking at all the evils enclosed within their elegant contours. I believe that you intend that your daughter's corset shall be of a proper form and size, and not worn injuriously tight. But observe, that besides engendering a dangerous habit the exact point of constriction is difficult to seize. Between the little and the too much there is a mathematical line difficult to be constantly followed. And then experience teaches us that women, and even girls, have a mischievous tendency to tighten themselves more and more, and especially if threatened with becoming somewhat stout.

It is a very unfortunate circumstance, that the inconveniences and diseases—the certain consequences of the abuse of the corset—are never immediate; they are long engendering in the substance of the organs so constantly pressed upon and crushed. The corset does not kill suddenly, like arsenic; therefore it is harmless! Can there be a more dangerous or murderous syllogism? When the physician, who, from long experience, foresees the mischief that will arrive, and informs a woman how injurious is this lacing and girdling herself in, she smiles, declares that he is mistaken, for she is not tight, and that habit has rendered her capable of supporting all. She has resisted the effects, and will continue to do so. Her health is good; why should she change her plans? She does not reflect that this condition of pressure is in direct violation of the laws of nature. The most noble organs are deprived of the play and development essential to their functions. Even the very bones of the trunk and chest suffer under this pernicious influence. To convince yourself of this, have the courage to examine a skeleton, the solid framework of our fragile organisation. On the one hand, you see the spine—the solid yet mobile support of the whole animal structure. A multitude of nerves escape from its lateral openings, giving life to the internal organs, and establishing relations with the brain. This spinal column is covered externally on each side by bundles of muscles—the moving power. Now, I ask you whether a corset, worn habitually tight, must not interfere with, and prevent the action of, these muscles and those of the shoulders? On the other hand, observe that the ribs, forming a kind of bony and movable cage, represents a cone, having its apex above, and its base below. Well, the corset acts in a totally opposite direction. It compresses and binds in this base, whose expansion is indispensable for the play of the lungs and the act of respiration. Can there exist a worse or more fatal practice? We laugh at the Chinese ladies; but the deformed and squeezed-up state of their feet does not at least affect the general health. A mother protects her daughter from the effects of the slightest draught of air, from the least damp, from the rays of a burning sun, and yet exposes her to the dangerous compression of a large corset.

Although all portions of the body suffer, and tend to morbid changes when submitted to great and more or less prolonged pressure, there are some organs which seem especially destined to endure these evils. Among these are the lungs and heart. It is through their agency that respiration and circulation are accomplished. They are, so to speak, the very roots of life. Now, I ask, what must take place when the cavity containing them is narrowed, and when the extent of their action is limited by the tyrannical exigencies of the corset? The

diseases which result are numerous, always serious, and so much the more incurable, as they proceed from a predisposition become constitutional. If you were aware of the fine texture, the delicate network of the lungs, the sensibility of these precious organs, the abundance of blood which penetrates their innermost recesses, there to become revived, you would only be astonished that these diseases were not more frequent still. And yet, will it be believed that woman, having the chest thus compressed and narrowed, will read aloud, or engage in singing and declamation? From the most straitened organ the highest amount of action is demanded!

But the chest is not the only organ exposed to this severe compression of the corset. The liver, placed immediately below the ribs at the very point where constriction is greatest, equally suffers. Hence results pain in the side, indigestion, and diseases of the organ, with chronic jaundice. The stomach itself, compressed by the bone of the corset, does not enjoy its natural vigour and extensibility. Hence distaste for food, painful digestion, languor, pallid or pimpled countenance, &c. Soemmering, a celebrated German physician, found a stomach nearly divided into two parts by the excessive and long-continued pressure of a steel-busk. I know well that few women would submit to such torture; but some there are whom no rein or prudence can restrain.

It is for balls, parties, theatres, &c. that interminable preparations for the toilet are especially made, and that the most destructive conspiracy against health is contrived. The lady of elegant form who repairs to these, is girt in every possible manner. Her shoes are as small and narrow as possible; the entire body surrounded by a large and strong corset mercilessly laced; the clasps of her dress maintain the ground already gained; and her girdle exercises no less constriction. We need not mention bracelets, necklaces, &c. which nevertheless, exert injurious pressure upon the neck and arms; so that every part of body is encircled with more or less tight ligatures. Thus fettered and bound up, she repairs to the place of assembly, where the air is contaminated by a crowded company, while the mirrors are tarnished, and the candles melt, in a temperature equal to that of Senegal. Nevertheless, she will remain here for five or six hours, perhaps dancing, or singing in a more or less loud voice. It is not until she has returned home, and removed the instruments of torture, that she can breathe. By a miracle of nature she has not succumbed to efforts which the most robust man could not support for an hour. And yet this is the feeble sex!

THE SLAVERS OF THE QUORRA;

AN AFTER-DINNER REMINISCENCE OF THE AFRICAN COAST.

Narrated by Captain S—, R.N., to William H. G. Kingston.—[Continued.]

We had been beating down for some hours, when the look-out hailed that a sail was coming in by the Brass river.

"Hurra!" cried Fenton, a merry fellow, whose jovial spirits, neither the suns of Africa nor the snows of Iceland could overcome. "Hurra boys! another prize or we are Dutchmen."

"Give me my glass," exclaimed Brownlow, eager to ascertain the fact, and his telescope being handed to him he mounted with it to the fore-yard-arm. After a long scrutinizing look, he descended again on deck, rubbing his hands with glee. "She is not a bit like an honest trader at all events," he observed, "but as ill-looking a craft as ever I saw, and if she proves honest, I will agree with Fenton, that we are Dutchmen."

The tide and a strong wind being both in favour of the stranger, she approached us rapidly, and we were not long in making her out to be a large square topsail schooner, with the Spanish colours flying at the peak and some private signal at the fore. Seeing this, we again hoisted the Spanish ensign, and hauling our boats under our lee-counter, dodged quietly on, while she came up the stream.

It was a time of considerable excitement and suspense. That she was a slaver there was little doubt. Being naturally suspicious she might think something was wrong, and by hauling her wind, being by far the largest and very likely the fastest vessel, she might contrive to escape us; we could not tell, also, what secret signals the slavers might possess, by which to communicate with each other, and of course, if they began to speak to us and we could not answer, they would see that all was not right. However, Brownlow, like a good sailor, had plenty of resources at hand. He ordered all the people to lie down, except the man at the helm and a few others, who mounted Spanish hats and caps, as did he with Fenton and myself, and a most bandit set of fellows we forthwith appeared. All went on very well till the schooner was within a mile of us, when up went a small flag to her fore-topmast head in place of the one before there, followed by several others. A quantity of flags had been found in one of the lockers, and Brownlow immediately ordered a like number to be hoisted, taking care that they should not blow out clearly enough to be distinguished by the people of the other vessel, who would set it down to the stupidity of our signal-man. This was done not to lose time, for while the signals were being bent on, Brownlow ordered one of the Spaniards to be brought on deck, selecting a jovial contented-looking fellow, who seemed one of the most likely of the crew to enjoy life.

A fat little man, with large sparkling eyes and thick lips, now drawn somewhat down, not knowing what was going to happen, stood trembling before him. Brownlow having put on the fiercest look he could muster, welcomed him on deck with a loaded pistol in his hand, and being at all times the very pink of politeness, addressed him with the little Spanish he could speak, in terms similar to these:—

"Senor Espanol, I shall regret to be compelled to treat you as I intend to do, if you do not answer me faithfully, but necessity, you are aware, has no law. You see this pistol; I shall shoot you through the head with it if by any chance that schooner escapes us."

The Spaniard, who had hitherto seen nothing but the pistol, and from Brownlow's gestures and words, expected fully to be summarily dismissed from the world, now breathed more freely. Looking round, he now for the first time observed the approaching vessel. "Carramba!" he muttered to himself, "These devils of Englishmen are in luck to-day—paciencia!"

Taking a look at the flags, he desired to be led into the Captain's cabin, where from a drawer he produced a much-soiled manuscript book of signals, and after examining it carefully, Brownlow every now and then stimulating his wits with the muzzle of the pistol, he interpreted the signal, by saying that the schooner, which he let us know was the Santa Maria, an odd name for one of her calling, was asking where the slaves had been collected for her. "Tell them opposite the creek where we took you," said Brownlow, and the Spaniard obeyed by bending on the proper flags to the signal halliards.

The effect was as we could wish, for she immediately stood over to the eastern shore, thus every instant getting more to leeward. She then signaled that the coast was clear, and that we might run out without danger. She had thus evidently not seen the Falcon. So far all was well, and reminding the Spaniard

what his fate would be if she escaped, we recommended him to keep a bright look out on her movements. He smiled with not a little scorn on his countenance, thinking probably from the Santa Maria's greater size, weight of metal, and number of men, that we might find that we had caught a Tartar.

On she came with all her canvass set, and by carefully shifting our boats towing along-side, to our great joy, we weathered her before she suspected anything was wrong. She now brailed up her foresail, topgallant-sail, and maintop-sail, preparatory to bringing to, at the same time making a signal for the Captain of the Cherub to come on board and receive his letters.

"Ha, ha! At all events I will obey that order presently," exclaimed Brownlow, laughing. "Keep the vessel away after him."

Our only fear now was, lest the crew showing the white feather, might run the Holy Mary on shore and blow her up before we could board her.

As may be supposed, as soon as they saw us, instead of heaving to, come bowling along after them, their suspicions were aroused, particularly when up went the freedom-bearing flag of England at our peak, and we fired a gun as a signal for her to heave to. This, as may be supposed, had no effect, and a second, which we had got forward, lodged a shot in the head of her mainmast. It wounded the jaws of the gaff though the sail did not come down. Her Captain, however, as he soon convinced us, was not a fellow to yield tamely; for sending people aloft he secured the spar again, let fall his sails, and hauled his wind, evidently intending to fight his way past us, and beat out of the river again by one of the other channels, or to sink us if he could. One of these things he thought he could do, as he had not seen our boats towing astern. Knowing his own vessel to be very fast, he hoped to weather us on the first tack, and to disable us from following him by knocking away some of our spars. For this latter object he worked his guns most manfully, aiming always at our rigging, the shot passing through and through our sails, though for some time no spars were wounded.

We were, you must understand, to windward on the western shore, the wind being about west-south-west. Every instant the breeze increased, which was all in favour of the Santa Maria, as being a larger and stiffer vessel, she could carry her canvass better and go through the water faster than we, with our heavy boats astern, could do; she was, indeed, rapidly fore-reaching on us. Had not her Captain been a brave fellow, he would have run her on shore and deserted her, but this he had no thoughts of doing while a hope of escape remained. We also, of course, might at once have attacked her with our boats, but we should have done so at a much greater risk of life, for with the strong breeze there was blowing, the enemy might have sunk some of them while we were attempting to get on board her. We should have been obliged, also, to leave our boat's crew, at least, on board the Cherub, to work her and keep the prisoners in order. Taking these things into consideration, Brownlow determined to board the Santa Maria with the first captured schooner, having the boats as a last resource.

If we were anxious before, we were now doubly so. All depended how the wind held. A different slant might carry her out clear by the Brass, but if she attempted the Nun we should cut her off, or she would fall into the hands of the Falcon. The probabilities, therefore, of her escaping without coming to close quarters were but slight, but still the chance which remained was sufficient to give us abundance of excitement.

Brownlow seemed to be in every part of the ship at once; now taking a sight along one of the foremost guns and firing it himself, generally with some effect; now hurrying aft, to see that the sails were well trimmed; next looking over the side, to see how fast we went through the water; and then watching the movements of the enemy. We could see our shot as they passed over the slaver or through her sails, strike the palm or tall cotton-trees on the opposite bank of the river, sending the white splinters in every direction, sometimes lopping off a branch or shivering the dry trunks like lightning; his shot producing the same effect on the opposite side, to the great surprise of the parrots and the no-small astonishment and terror of a few negroes who had come down to see what all the noise could be about. The last mentioned jetty inhabitants of the groves, having a little human wisdom in their woolly heads, beat their retreat in double quick time; the latter only chattered the faster and louder. I don't mean to say that I could exactly hear them—only I have no doubt of the fact: so don't laugh now at my story.

It was amusing all the time to watch the countenance of our Spanish signal-man. He could not help wishing for the success of his countrymen in the Santa Maria; though not being aware that Englishmen do not generally murder their prisoners in cold blood, he could not tell if her ladyship escaped, whether we might not, as we threatened, blow out his brains—the chance of such a consummation being far from a pleasant subject of contemplation to a man. Brownlow's eye at last fell upon him, when he ordered him to be taken below to be out of the way of the shot. The wind now veered a point more to the southward, and the Santa Maria could not weather a point which ran out from the eastern bank of the river.

"They are, after all, going to run her on shore," I exclaimed. In another moment she would have been on the slimy bank.

"No, by Jove, she's about again," cried Brownlow, as the enemy shot a-head, and the wind, again shifting, placed her well to windward of us.

"We will be even with them. Man the boats. S—do you remain in the Cherub with four of the Kroomen, and two out of each of the other boats. Run on board the enemy if a change of wind enables you to do so; and at all events, keep blazing away at her till you see us fairly on her decks. Now put the schooner about."

The men being selected who were to remain with me, the rest, while she was in stays, jumped into the boats and shoved off. During the time the boats were pulling in a direction to cut her off, as she was then standing, I continued firing away at her hull, so as to distract her people's attention as much as possible from them. She soon, however, almost ceased firing at us, turning most of her guns at the advancing boats, though fortunately not being well served, scarcely one of their shot touched them. I was more fortunate with my artillery; thanks to one of the Kroomen, who rejoiced I remember in the name of Fuzbos.

"Me hit shooner, Massa," he observed, making a sign that he should like amazingly to have a slap at the enemy.

I gave him leave to fire and he was as good as his word. The shot hit the already wounded mainmast, cutting away the main and peak halliards, bringing the mainsail down on deck, and sending the maintop mast and topsail over the side. We had just time to fire another shot, which killed several of her people, when the boats were alongside. The really hot work now began. No sooner were the boat-hooks on to the chains than our people were saluted with showers of langrage from three or four guns, pointed low to receive them, bullets from pistols and muskets, and thrusts from pikes; but besides these little disagreeables, the Spaniards hove into the boats bottles full of gunpowder, which breaking as they touched the planks, they followed them up with shovels full of hot

coals, the explosions, partial as they providentially were, burning some of our people in the most dreadful way. Fortunately there was a good deal of water in the boats, so that the powder which fell into their bottoms was damped, and Fenton in the cutter bethought him of pulling out the plug, when he saw what the enemy were about, and swamping her before he sprung up the side of the schooner.

Brownlow, discharging his pistol at the head of the Spanish Captain and turning aside the thrust of a pike, was the first on the deck; and then commenced such a hewing, and slashing, and cutting, and thrusting of cutlasses and pikes as I never saw before. The Spaniards, to do them justice, defended themselves bravely; but this work could not last long. The boats had boarded on the weather side and quarter. I now came up on the lee bow, and with five Englishmen and two Kroomen leapt on their decks. This reinforcement gave fresh confidence to our people, and proportionably disheartened the Spaniards, who began tumbling down their hold at a great rate, others singing out for quarter most lustily. To the honour of our seamen they seldom bear malice; no sooner did the enemy sue for mercy than they ceased to strike. Brownlow and I, like two Generals, met, at the head of our men, on the after part of the Santa Maria's deck, and were congratulating each other on our victory—in very brief terms you may be sure,—when our attention was called by a loud cry from the seaman left at the helm of the Cherub.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Brownlow, "the prisoners are getting loose."

And so it was. As I, with my men, had sprung on board the Santa Maria, some of her crew had contrived to swing themselves on to the bowsprit of the smaller schooner, to get out of harm's way; when, no one observing them, they slipped below. Their first impulse was, of course, to knock the manacles off the hands of their friends and of some of the blacks; then, seizing some cutlasses and axes, to endeavour to free the Cherub from the Santa Maria. They either forgot that we had our boats to pursue them, or perhaps they thought them disabled. They were, when we perceived them, cutting away most lustily: numbers of negroes, as well as whites, were hurrying up from below; and the three hands who had been left on board were driven aft, and were contending for their lives. Here were the tables turned with a vengeance: but Brownlow and I, leading on our men, soon drove the Spaniards back into the hold of the Cherub, and were within a minute complete masters of both vessels. We had, however, not a little difficulty in again fixing on the manacles to our numerous prisoners.

We now anchored the two schooners to repair damages and fit them for sea. We had lost one man killed, three badly wounded—among whom was poor Fenton, and four slightly, who were still able to do duty. Four of the Spaniards were killed, and ten or twelve badly wounded in the two vessels.

Not knowing what to do with so many prisoners, who far outnumbered our people, Brownlow determined to set some of them on shore, among whom was the Captain of the Cherub, who had taken no part in the fray, and our friend the signal-man. According to custom, they were permitted to carry with them their wearing apparel, their books, and instruments. In consequence each claimed a large trunk, and I remember hearing the seamen who handed them into the boats exclaim that they were very heavy. We afterwards discovered that they were full of dollars, for the purchase of slaves. The men also landed with a good deal of money concealed about their persons. We were better up to their tricks another time.

It seems an anomaly that no punishment should be inflicted on wretches carrying on an Heaven-cursed and illegal traffic, who are to fire into our ships and kill our people, while a smuggler who snaps a pistol at a revenue officer, would probably be hung or transported for life. I believe that till slavers are treated as pirates, their business will never be completely destroyed. At present, high pay with little or no risk, tempts the best Spanish and Portuguese seamen, to join ships fitting out for slaving voyages. They frequently receive three or four times as much or more than they would in an honest calling, while the owners and captains make many hundred per cent.

The remainder of the people we distributed between the two vessels, the greater number being on board the Santa Maria.

It was now coming on to blow very fresh, with sudden squalls and heavy rain; and by the time the people had taken some food, and both vessels were got ready for sea, the day was drawing to a close. Notwithstanding this, Brownlow was anxious to avoid spending another night exposed to the pestilential air of the river. It had gone two bells in the first dog-watch before we got under weigh, and as we had some distance to beat down before we could reach the bars on the Brass river, and by six o'clock it is dark in those latitudes, we could not hope to clear them by day-light. However, Brownlow was not to be deterred from his intention. He led in the Santa Maria, towing the pinnace and cutter, I following in the Cherub, with the gig's crew and some Kroomen as my ship's company; he having the rest of the people with the wounded on board the big schooner.

The signal was given, the anchors hove in and stowed, and away we went at a great rate through the water, heeling over to the furious gusts which every now and then came in from the sea, giving notice of what we were to expect. The Santa Maria was under her mainsail closely reefed and jib, but I preferred carrying my square topsail also, closely reefed of course to enable me to keep my vessel better in hand, and fortunate it was in the sequel that I did so. By the time that we had got well into the Brass Channel, the sun sunk behind the groves of mangroves in a wide extended flame of angry red, darkness following with rapid strides upon the departed day. As long as I could see the Santa Maria I kept in her wake, but as she much outsailed the Cherub by dusk she ran us altogether out of sight, and I was left to find my way as best I could; the black pilot being in the other vessel, it was very far from pleasant work I assure you. For a long time we continued tacking across the stream, making, however, but little way, while the dark mangrove-bushes, forming a long low line, marked the shore on either side, and a-head appeared a wall of white breakers through which our course lay.

Night had now set in, and darkness covered the face of the deep. Overhead were threatening clouds, which every now and then sent forth deluges of rain, which were blown in our teeth by the furious blast; below was the silent mysterious stream, with its voracious and terrific inhabitants, whose prey, should we strike the hidden rocks, we might any instant become. At no period of my existence had time appeared so long. I thought we should never get into clear water. I had, in truth, never before commanded a vessel placed in so critical a position as the Cherub, and I was consequently doubly anxious. I was every moment on the topsail yard looking out for dangers to be avoided. At last the roar of the innermost bar sounded on my ears, and before long I could see the white frothy waves close on our weather bow, but as for a space of unbroken water none was to be found.

"The Santa Maria has passed safe over, and so must we," I thought. "So

here goes. Keep her well full," I sung out to the man at the helm. "Take her right through it."

Away flew the Cherub, heeling over so that the water washed into our lee scuppers. The line of white-crested waves was close under our bows.

"Hold fast, every one," I cried.

The hatches had been battened down. The little vessel seemed to know her danger, but to be determined to surmount it. Gallantly she breasted the foaming waves. The first sea struck her, sending the water (for it was more than spray) fore and aft, over our decks, wetting every soul through and through to the skin. One of the men, from the sister isle, I remember, vowed that it had washed an alligator right down his throat—claws, tail, and all; and when some of his messmates ventured to doubt his assertion, he declared that "it was a porpoise, or a whale at last." The next roller which came in made every timber in her frame quiver again, to the horror of the poor wretches below, who must, from their cries have been expecting instant destruction; the final summing up of all their woes. She rose bravely over it, a slant of wind well off shore filled her sails for a moment, and we were again in smooth water. This was, however, only the first of the three bars we must attempt to cross. Again we glided rapidly onward, heeling over to the breeze, to the no small terror of the Spanish crew, who had it appeared but little confidence in our knowledge of the dangers to be encountered. It was tack and tack for nearly another hour; when, as we were approaching the second bar, and I was on the fore-yard, looking out through the darkness in a hopeless endeavour to pick the best channel, I saw suddenly blaze up, towards the entrance of the river, the bright glare of a blue-light: another, and another followed in rapid succession.

"Good Heavens!" I mentally exclaimed. "The Santa Maria must be on shore, and is making signals of distress. Perhaps the lights are burned to teach us to avoid the same danger."

No time was to be lost in fruitless conjecture. We were close upon the second line of broken water.

"Neck or nothing. Lord help the unfortunate beings below," I ejaculated. "Keep her a good full," I cried, as I descended on deck.

As the saying is, every man holding on with nails and eyelids, lest a sea should come on board, we dashed through the barrier. Scarcely were we again in smooth water, than up went a rocket before us, another blue-light was burned, and a prolonged hail was borne down to our ears on the blast—I had before heard such a cry: it was that of strong men stricken with terror. The light appeared low; so that there was little doubt it must be burning in a boat. Perhaps the Santa Maria herself had gone down, and the survivors had escaped in the boats. If so, what had my small vessel to expect! Again the same cry was repeated, louder than before.

"A boat broad on the weather-bow," cried the look-out forward.

There was now no doubt on the subject.

"One of the boats adrift," I cried. "Down with the helm. Heave the top-sail aback. Stand by, to let go the anchor," were the hurried orders I gave. "It is our only chance of picking them up," I thought. "We can then veer over to the boat as she drifts by. The risk is great, but the chance must be tried." I had not much time for calculation, you may be sure. "Let go the anchor," I sung out lustily; but the men forward saw the danger, and pretended not to hear the order.

Not a moment was to be lost in words of remonstrance. Drawing a pistol from my belt, I rushed forward, threatening to shoot the first man who shewed a sign of disobedience. The men no longer forgot their duty. With an axe, I had seized, I cut away the lashings and stoppers. Away ran the cable through the hause holes at a furious speed, as the vessel, her head to wind, drove before it. I thought it would have parted, as it came up at the end of sixty fathoms with a tremendous jerk, our stern being already among the breakers on the bar. A heavy sea came rolling in.

"Hold fast for your lives in earnest," I sung out.

It broke directly under our bows, rushing on board, and sweeping everything before it. I thought at the moment the schooner would never have risen again. As it was, she was half full of water. The shrieks of the unhappy slaves below were terrific. I had released some of the Spaniards to assist in working the vessel, at some slight risk of their proving treacherous, but as there was little chance of their escaping if they were so, and none of their gaining anything, I trusted them. Another sea came on board with less violence; the boat was directly behind it, a little on our larboard bow.

"Starboard the helm," I cried. "So, steady."

The vessel edged quickly over. The boat came hurrying onward. In another moment if we missed her, she would be among the breakers, and nothing could save the people in her.

"Steady, so."

A dozen ropes were over our side for them to catch hold of, and I must do the Spaniards the justice to say that they appeared as anxious to save their late enemies as we were. A huge sea bore her on. "Hurrah! we have her!" Four men were standing up in her, and as she surged alongside, they seized the friendly ropes and sprang on deck. The boat hurried by, and in another instant was dashed to pieces among the breakers.

"They are all gone!" exclaimed one of the men, as they leapt on deck. "We broke adrift as she got among the breakers of the last bar, and down she went like a shot."

"Good Heavens! all those fine fellows lost!" I exclaimed. "Poor Brownlow! Do thus end all your aspirations for fame!" I thought, and then turned my attention to our present exigencies.

I now learned that, when crossing the last bar, the two boats had broken adrift, and that the men, fancying they should be safer in the larger one, had got into her; but that, however, they had found their strength insufficient to manage her, which they might have done the smaller boat.

"Hands up anchor," I cried, "we may yet find some one clinging to the wreck." The hands were all at the windlass, but our combined strength could not move the anchor. "Work with a will, my men—work with a will," I cried; but nothing would do. We hoisted the bow of the little vessel almost under water, the sea dashing over us all the time; but the anchor remained firm. At last, I saw there was no chance of getting it up, so we slipped, and again made sail for the mouth of the river. We had yet another bar to cross before we could get into the open sea. It was with feelings of extreme anxiety that we approached the last line of breakers, rolling in with far greater fury than the two others, and among which we had too much cause to believe our brave shipmates and their unhappy prisoners were already engulfed. We found the wind blowing stronger than ever, as we approached the sea, and chopping about within three or four points, with sudden squalls. It was probably in one of these squalls the Santa Maria was lost. We hoped to be more fortunate, and if we could once get into the open sea, there was little to fear.

As we were standing towards the eastern bank, the look-out man sung out, "A rock on the weather-bow."

The cry was startling, for we could not tell how many more there might be ahead. As we flew by, a gleam of lightning suddenly darted from the sky, and, to my great relief, instead of a rock, exhibited the Falcon's pinnace which the four men had deserted. Putting the ship about, in another minute I had the boat triumphantly in tow. To make a long story short, after an infinite succession of tacks, we at last reached the outer bar. An unbroken line of foaming rollers appeared before us. There was no use attempting to pick our way, so keeping our sails well full, we steered directly for the centre. Bravely our bark breasted the raging billows, as you poets say; one after the other came rolling in, seeming about to overwhelm her, but like a gallant hunter, she successively rose to them. At last, one more gigantic than the rest came thundering onwards. "Hold on, my men—hold on," I cried, scudding up the main rigging, followed by the rest of the crew, except two men who were lashed to the helm. The little craft plunged right into it, the clear water washed over the decks, and she seemed as if never about to rise again; but neither was her day come, nor was ours. After each plunge, she lifted up her nose as buoyant as before, when in came another big tumbling sea. For a moment she staggered, as her decks were again deluged, and then joyfully rising once more, she sprung over it, as, like a sea fowl when rising from a dive, she shook her head to free herself from the water. With a shout of joy we found ourselves clear of the treacherous stream, and running rapidly through the clear sea. Now that we were ourselves free from peril, the fate of our companions was brought more forcibly before our minds. In vain we looked along the line of white breakers which fringed the dark shore—nothing like the hull of a vessel could be seen.

"Poor Brownlow! We should have been congratulating each other on our success, and now who can say that you and your men are in the land of the living!" Such were the tones of my meditation as I walked the deck of my prize, while we were making a sufficient offing to bring up till the morning, when I purposed to run in again and look out for any vestiges of the wreck, or to carry off any of the people who might have reached the shore alive. To endeavour to procure some hope to my mind, I called aft the men we had saved from the boat, but they still persisted in declaring that the Santa Maria had gone down at the moment they broke adrift from her. I consequently dismissed them and continued my solitary walk and gloomy reflections. I was just going to put the vessel about for the last time before dropping our anchor—we had but one left us, when suddenly a bright light burst forth to sea-ward. To us it was a star of hope. Keeping the vessel up for it, before long the look-out sung out—"A ship on the weather-bow." My night-glass had constantly been turned in the same direction. "The Santa Maria, by all that's prosperous," I exclaimed, joyfully. After standing on some little way further, I put the schooner about, and soon proved that my conjecture was right, for there was the Santa Maria herself, riding safely at anchor before us. Passing close under her stern, I hailed "We have got the men from the boats safe on board."

"Have you, my dear fellow! Thank God for it," exclaimed Brownlow through his speaking-trumpet. "Drop your anchor under my lee and I will come on board of you."

Scarcely had he spoken, when a loud heart-cheering "Hip, hip, hip, hurra," arose simultaneously from the crew of the Santa Maria, to which my people answered with right good will—"Hip, hip, hip, hurra." It awoke the silence of the night with a vengeance. There's nothing sailors like so much as a good hearty cheer on fitting occasions. It made my heart bound when I heard it. All's well that ends well. Brownlow soon came on board and thanked me for saving his people whose loss had caused him much grief, as he could not help feeling that their death would be laid at his door, owing to his persisting in taking the vessels out of the river, notwithstanding the dangers to be encountered.

The next day we reached the Falcon, and were complimented on our success by our Captain, and warmly congratulated by our shipmates, both of us subsequently getting a step up the ladder of rank in consequence of that exploit, backed by a few others, and a little parliamentary interest to boot. The schooners were condemned at Sierra Leone, where the black cargo of the Cherub was discharged and sent off to assist in forming a colony of emancipated negroes. The Spanish crews, notwithstanding their resistance to lawful authority, were allowed to escape not only with impunity, but with their bag and baggage, among which we afterwards discovered they had stowed away not a small number of dollars. Our share of prize-money for the two captures was, however, considerable. Before we left the coast we made several more captures, and in several instances fell in with the identical fellows who had got off so cheaply, after slaying and wounding his Majesty's liege subjects. Now, if we had treated them as pirates, and run them up at once to their own yard-arm, not only would they have been prevented from following their own accursed trade, but the example would have deterred others from pursuing a course which might lead to such disagreeable results. Now, the very high pay a slaver's crew receive, enables her to get the best men to be found in the Brazils or elsewhere. If they ran a risk of their lives, none but the most daring would venture to engage in the vile traffic. However, while the Brazilian authorities encourage it by every means in their power, our task is hopeless.

To strengthen my assertion that the infliction of death is the only means of putting a stop to slaving, the observation of a Greek pirate has just occurred to me. I belonged some years ago to the —, brig-of-war, in the Mediterranean, when we captured a Greek mistico, with a crew of the most determined desperadoes on board I ever met. Her Captain was a remarkably fine young fellow, a complete Adonis in appearance, but with an eye which betrayed the devil lurking within. To our minds the proof of her piratical exploits was perfectly clear, but when sent to Malta for adjudication, the Captain and crew were acquitted, and allowed to proceed on their way. Not many months had elapsed when we again fell in with our handsome friend, an hour or so after he had plundered an English merchantman, whose crew were perfectly ready to swear to his identity. When brought on deck, he stood in an attitude of proud indifference, and when asked by our Commander how it was he ventured to commit a crime of such atrocity, after having been before treated so leniently.

"Oh!" he responded with a scornful laugh and shrug of his shoulders, "had you wished to put an end to my pirating, you ought to have hung me at first. Then I should have comprehended the meaning of your threats."

BONA FIDE.

That men deceive when they have an interest to be served, or an apprehended evil to be avoided, or when a jest can be made by imposing on credulity, is only too notorious. Excepting, however, in certain extraordinary persons, there is no love of deception for its own sake. The bulk of men, apart from the motives above enumerated, will be more likely to speak the truth, as far as they

can, than to falsify. That is to say, in indifferent matters it is more natural to be faithful than false. The disposition of the human mind as to the reception of intelligence and the interpretation of appearances is in conformity with this view. Men do not instinctively suspect deceit. The child listens with the most perfect good faith to everything that is told it. We only, in mature years, cease to be easy of faith when we have found ourselves often deceived, often wrong in our first apprehensions.

It would not be difficult, we think, to show that the errors and delusions of all times have depended much more upon credulity than deceit; thus proving that the former is a primitive natural condition of the mind, while the latter is a comparatively rare impulse, unless where prompted by such motives as those already stated—this very credulity being one of them. To take one section of knowledge—history. The early historians of all countries—for example, our own monkish chroniclers—are full of fable. But even in those who give us the greatest prodigies, there is seldom a case of proved forgery or use of the imagination. Almost always they have some authority for what they say. They may have foolishly listened to the report of a clown, or some distorted tradition of the vulgar; or a man may have weakly adopted all the childish stories communicated by others; but scarcely ever can we detect any one in an absolute fiction of his own making. For the real sources of fabulous histories, we must partly go beyond the writers of history—to the early popular voice itself, reporting the dubious recollections of uneducated minds. Partly these errors take their rise in well enough meant efforts of the first writers to make clear the doubtful, to cause gaps to join, and give a sense to what, in the course of time, has lost its original meaning. It is, in short, to imperfections and mistakes of the intellect, not to deliberate falsification, that most of our fabulous histories are owing. The credulity is monstrous. Great blame may be due for the failure to examine and weigh evidence. But each might say, and say truly, though to his own condemnation, 'I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.'

M. Salverte's book, *The Philosophy of Magic*, which has recently been translated into English, proceeds upon the general proposition here advanced, that there is more credulity in the world than deceit. It wholly leads to the conclusion, that in magic, in apparent prodigies, in all the mysteries and delusions of antiquity, and in all the tales which our fathers have sent down to us, there was a principle of good faith at bottom: the very deceivers were themselves, in the first place, partly, or altogether deceived; as they might well be in their imperfect knowledge of the natural circumstances with which they dealt. With regard to the fables of history, M. Salverte shows how they arose, instances, from men ignorantly taking up in a literal sense what was originally emblematic or metaphorical. As an example, there are many stories of early Christian saints who were said to have carried away their heads in their hands after being decapitated. This was a gross thing to state; but then remember the faith of the middle-age Christians in continued miracles. And observe how such stories might arise. In those times figured almanacs were used for the instruction of the illiterate. To explain that a saint had perished by decapitation, he was painted as standing, and holding his head in his hands. Here was the actual object presented to their minds. Then, it was common for the friends of a decapitated saint to experience great danger and difficulty in carrying away the body. Suppose this were described as done miraculously, how easy would another generation slip into the error of supposing that the holy man had himself walked away, carrying his head! As another illustration:—Near the burning mountains, north of the Missouri and the river of St. Peter, dwell a people who appear to have emigrated from Mexico and the adjacent countries at the time of the Spanish invasion. According to their traditions, they had hidden themselves in the inland country at a time when the sea-coast was continually infested by enormous monsters, vomiting lightning and thunder, and from whose bodies came men who, with unknown instruments, and by magical power, killed the defenceless Indians at immense distances. They observed that these monsters could not reach the land, and in order to escape from their blows, they took refuge in distant mountains. We see here that the vanquished at first doubted whether these advantages were not more to be attributed to better arms than to the power of magic. It is probable that, deceived by appearances, they endowed with life the ships which seemed to move of themselves, and transformed them into monsters; and either this prodigy has from that day been firmly rooted in their minds, or, on the contrary, it was merely a bold metaphor, invented to depict and to perpetuate so novel an event.

In like manner, it is found that many of the apparently fabulous descriptions of old writers are either simple misapprehensions of facts, or actual facts of an extraordinary nature. Some of the early Greek authors speak of a pigmy people, two and a half feet in height; of people constituting whole nations whose eyes were in their shoulders; of cannibals existing among the northern Scythians; and of a country named Albania, in which were born men whose hair was white in childhood, and whose sight was exceedingly weak during the day, but became very strong in the night. Aulus Gellius treats these narrations as incredible fables; nevertheless, in the descriptions of the two first people, we recognise the Laplanders and the Samoyedes, although the diminitiveness of the one, and the manner in which the heads of the other are sunk between their shoulders, have been greatly exaggerated. The northern cannibals may have been certain Tartar tribes whom Marco Polo describes as eating the corpses of malefactors. The men of Albania are evidently Albinos, the name of the country being formed from the leading peculiarity of the people. So, also, Herodotus was told among the Mongols of a more northern people who slept six months of the year. He disbelieved it; but he was told, in an ignorant manner, of a people in the polar regions who had a night of that duration. This author has related many things believably, which others have doubted, but doubted erroneously. We find reference made to one in a *Familiar History of Birds*, by the present bishop of Norwich, and to which M. Salverte also refers. 'Herodotus,' says his lordship, 'asserted that there was a certain small bird which, as often as the crocodiles came on shore from the river Nile, flew fearlessly within their jaws, and relieved them of a peculiar kind of leeches which infested their throats. This ancient historian added, that although other birds invariably avoided the crocodile, it never did this bird any injury. So extraordinary a story was treated as fabulous by the naturalists. It is, notwithstanding, strictly true. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, an eminent and accurate French naturalist, confirms the fact beyond doubt. The bird alluded to is the Egyptian plover (*Charadrius Egyptianus*), which sometimes enters the mouth of the crocodile, attracted thither, not, according to his account, by leeches, but by a small insect like a gnat, which frequents the banks of the Nile in great quantities. When the crocodile comes on shore to repose, he is assailed by swarms of these gnats, which get into his mouth in such numbers, that his palate—naturally of a bright yellow colour—appears covered with a blackish-brown crust. Then it is that the little plover, which lives on these insects, comes to the aid of the half-choked crocodile, and relieves him of his tormentors; and this with-

out any risk, as the crocodile, before shutting his mouth, takes care, by a preparatory movement, to warn the bird to be off. This singular process is, moreover, not confined to the crocodiles of Egypt; it has been noticed in those of the West Indies, where, when attacked in a similar manner by small "marin-gouins," a little bird (*Todus viridis*), which lives chiefly on flies and insects, performs the same kind office.'

Some of the alleged miracles of antiquity were merely natural, though extraordinary and misunderstood events. 'The ignorant,' says M. Salverte, 'have been led to believe that water was metamorphosed into blood, that the heavens rained blood, and that the snow lost its natural colour, and appeared stained with blood.' The explanation is found in an animalcule called the *Oscillatoria rubescens*, which is developed in certain waters, and which M. Ehrenberg has discovered to be the cause of the colour of the Red Sea—and in the development of a humble plant of a red colour (*Protococcus nivalis*) upon the surface of snow. 'In the environs of Padua, in 1819, the polenta prepared with the flour of maize appeared covered with numerous little red spots, which were soon considered, in the eyes of the superstitious, as drops of blood. The phenomenon appeared many successive days; although pious terror sought by fasts, prayers, masses, and even exorcisms, to bring it to a termination. Those feelings, excited to an almost dangerous degree, were at length calmed by a naturalist, who proved that the red spots were but the results of a mould until then unobserved.'

M. Salverte cites various instances of falls of stones from the air, which were supposed to have come miraculously. Jupiter was said to have rained stones upon the enemies of Hercules. The Arabs tell of a similar shower which crushed the Ethiopians while they were profanely besieging the sacred city of Mecca. These were of course *aerolites*—stones which actually fall from the atmosphere, and that so frequently, that their descent might, on various occasions coincide with the time of a battle or siege. Fifty years ago, however, these stories would have been set down as wholly fabulous, because the fall of aerolites was not then believed by men of science. It was a frequent occurrence during all time; yet, never being observed by philosophers, it was held as only a vulgar delusion or imposture, till established by Chladni. It is, by the way, hardly fair of scientific men, when anything is inexplicable by them, to charge it upon the common people as a fable. While writing this paper, we observe two statements in a single newspaper—one referring to a shower of little frogs, the other to a live frog found in a mass of rock eighty feet below the surface. Statements of both kinds are not unfrequently met with. They are always scoffed at by the scientific world. But what is there more wonderful in the fall of showers of young frogs, than in the fall of showers of the *Protococcus nivalis*? Or, if a frog, and certain other animals of low grades be, as we know, capable of reviving after being kept for an indefinite time in a mass of ice, why may not such a reptile have survived from the time it was enclosed (possibly in that state) in the sand from which the rock was formed? The ordinary attempt to account for the phenomenon, by supposing the animal to have fallen into its place through a chink, is purely ridiculous. So is the supposition that every statement of a live frog in stone is a fable. The scientific men are merely ignorant of the natural principles concerned, and have not the magnanimity to admit it.

The real basis of Thaumaturgy, or magic, and of all the impostures of the ancient priesthoods, was, according to M. Salverte, an acquaintance with the secrets of nature. The practitioners had gained some knowledge of physics; and, by parading their experiments, easily deluded the vulgar into a belief of their own supernatural character. 'To work magically, to conjure genii, or so to invoke the gods as to constrain them to apparent obedience, required very extensive preparations; but over the nature and operation of these the veil of mystery was thrown. Plants and animals, collected in secret, were in various ways combined and subjected to the action of fire; and scarcely one step was taken without the assistance of some formula, or the consultation of books, the loss of which was almost equivalent to the loss of all magic power. Such were the sources of the power of the greater number of the Thaumaturgists, who were truly scholars of natural philosophy, and who were forced continually to seek in their sacred volumes the prescriptions, without which they could neither properly work out their charms nor display their delusions. Traces of the existence of these books are found among a people fallen, in the present age, into the most lamentable barbarism, but whose traditions are connected with a very ancient, and probably an advanced state of civilisation. The Baschkirs believe that the *black books*, the text of which they allege originated in hell, give to their possessor, provided he is capable of interpreting them, an absolute empire over nature and demons. These books, together with the power which they conferred, generally descended, by inheritance, to the individual among the pupils of their possessor whom he judged most worthy to succeed him. Sound works on physics and on chemistry, as applied to the arts, might replace with advantage the magic books of the Baschkirs; but we are still not much in the advance of the time, in which certain persons, indifferent as to either the enlightenment or the ignorance of mankind, would have assumed that such works could only emanate from the Principle of Evil.'

It is remarkable that so early a philosopher as Democritus became convinced of this being the true explanation of the works of the magi. 'His philosophy,' says Lucian, 'brought him to this conclusion, that magic was entirely confined to the application and the imitation of the laws and works of nature.' M. Salverte displays an immense number of illustrations of this doctrine, and leaves a general conviction of its truth. If it be true, does it not show an enormous amount of deliberate impostures in the ancient world, and so far tend to annihilate the proposition that deceit is not a conspicuous feature in our natural character? We think not. It appears from M. Salverte's work, that the magicians and priests were themselves deceived men. Such knowledge as they had, was in the form of detached facts respecting the phenomena of nature. They had no methodised view of natural philosophy. Such secrets of nature as they had acquired came to them as mysteries, not as the results of laws established for the government of the world. These secrets were, therefore necessarily objects of superstitious regard even to the magicians. The silly formalities which accompanied their experiments were thus not necessarily impostures, but might be results of their own self-delusions. The history of a secret of nature in their hands we can imagine to be this. First lighted on by accident, it would appear to the superstitious mind of the discoverer as a special revelation of a divine mystery to himself. The superstitious ceremonies in which he had been engaged at the time would appear to him essential to the result, and would accordingly be handed down, and ever after practised, in connexion with it. The whole stock of the mystics would be but an accumulation of such discoveries, with their attendant mummeries, all regarded as prodigies, and not in any relation to nature as a principle. And all this we may the more readily admit, if we reflect on the obscure and marvellous notions as to nature and its phenomena which have prevailed among philosophers almost down to our own

time; for example, in the minds of Tycho and Kepler. Nay, for that matter, are we sure that a just notion of nature and its relation to the Divine Author is yet established among us?

There is something satisfactory in thus regarding mankind as more truthful by nature than their practice would sometimes lead us to suppose. It delights our moral sentiments, as it is always agreeable to think well of our fellow-creatures, and to find occasion and justification for confiding in them. It also answers well to our notions of final causes, because, constituted as we are, we cannot learn much by personal examination or experience, and must therefore take no small portion of our knowledge from testimony. If man were naturally untruthful, what a limit were imposed on our knowledge! It is only through his being naturally truthful, that we get ninety-nine things in a hundred of what we know. It may be startling to hear testimony spoken of in this manner, for certainly deceptions are frequent. But those who are so startled, would only need to place against the instances of deception, the vast number of occasions we have every day to act according to what we are told, or to put trust in the probity of those connected with us, in order to see that the instances of true testifying and true acting are as thousands to units of those in which wilful deceit has been practised. It is necessary, at the same time, to be cautious in the reception of much that comes before us, for of course imposture is often practised. But it is a sad necessity. In common society, to be cautious and sceptical appears clever, and excites respect. But, in reality, it is a vicious state of mind, to answer a state of vice in others, and only is admired because found practically useful. Apart from the question of utility, the credulous state of mind is one of pure moral beauty in comparison. We too readily despise it, not reflecting that it is the primitive, child-like, innocent state of the mind; the state in which we would all be, but for the existence of deceivers amongst us, and the liability of the human intellect to apprehend and report facts incorrectly. Some there are whom nothing pleases more than to make fun of scientific inquirers by misleading them, on merely finding that such persons do not suspect their veracity. Where probable things are told, this is properly no fun at all; for why should probable things be disbelieved when they are communicated by an apparently serious person? Where even improbable things are related, the same may often be said; for are we not forced every day to believe things which we would have previously said were improbable? Amateurs of this kind of amusement do not consider what results from their actions. Why, it is just one of the greatest of all the obstructive agencies in the path of truth, that we are so liable to be deluded by impostors and ill-designing misinformers. The one proven case of imposture is, in the mass of testimony, like the dead fly in the ointment of the apothecary. By it all previous labour is undone; and the whole task is to be renewed. Till it is forgotten, the best accredited truths will only get their passports examined; they will make no real progress. The destruction of a collected audience by a wanton cry of 'fire!' is therefore the type of an imposture in matters of science. In the whole of this system of hoaxing, as it is playfully called, there is even a more special evil: it is teaching the semi-vice of suspicion to a mind which would otherwise remain candid and innocent. Oh, it is unholy work! and, above all, it is so to children. Alas! are deceptions for an end so few in this world, that even what are called well-meaning persons should think it necessary to do what in them lies to break up that confidence between mind and mind which we bring 'from God, who is our home'!

MEXICO, ITS TERRITORY AND PEOPLE.

Concluded.

Mexico is regarded as the "stateliest city" in the New World. Its plan was laid, and the principal portion of its public buildings are said to have been designed, by Cortes. They bear all the impress of a superb mind. The majority of the fabrics were evidently constructed by a man to whom the royal architecture of the European nations was familiar, and the finest houses in the city are still inhabited by the descendants of the conqueror.

The principal square is the pride of the Mexicans, and the admiration of travellers. It has an area of twelve acres; unluckily, this fine space, which in England would be covered with verdant turf, shrubs, and flowers, is covered only with pavement. But the buildings are on a noble scale. The Cathedral fills one whole side of the square, the Palace another, and the sites of both are memorable and historical; the Cathedral standing on the ground where once stood the great idol temple, and the Palace on the ground of the palace of Montezuma! The latter building is 500 feet long, and contains the public offices, besides the apartments of the President. The Cathedral is of striking Gothic architecture, and after all the pressures and plunderings of the later period, still retains immense wealth. The high altar is covered with plates of silver, interspersed with ornaments of massive gold. This altar is inclosed with a balustrade a hundred feet long, not less precious than the high altar itself. It is composed of an amalgam of gold, silver, and copper, richly flourished and figured. It is said that an offer had been made to purchase it at its weight in silver, giving half a million of dollars besides. Of this balustrade there are not less in the building than 300 feet. Statues, vases, and huge candlesticks of the precious metals, meet the eye every where; and yet it is said that the still more precious portion of the treasure is hidden from the popular eye. The streets are wide, and cross each other at right angles, dividing the whole city into squares. But the Romish habit of giving the most sacred names to common things, is acted on in Mexico with most offensive familiarity. The names of the streets are instances of this profanation, which has existed wherever monks have been the masters. Thus, the Mexican will tell you that he lives in "Jesus," or in the "Holy Ghost." In the Spanish navy the most sacred names were similarly profaned; and the Santissima Trinidad (the Most Holy Trinity) was a flagship in the fleet destroyed at Trafalgar. What blasphemies and brutalities must not have been mingled with this sacred name in the mouths of a crew!

The churches are the chief buildings in the city, some of them of great size, and all filled with plate and other wealth. Yet the houses, even of the most opulent families, exhibit some of the vilest habits of the vilest southern cities of Europe. To pass over other matters, in the whole city there is perhaps not a stable separate from the house. The stud is on the basement story, and it may be conceived how repulsive must be the effects of such an arrangement in the burning climate of Mexico! The servants' rooms are also upon this floor; and in some of the principal houses the visitors have to pass through this row of stables and sleeping-rooms on their way to the chief apartments. In some, too, of the larger private houses, no less than thirty or forty families reside, each renting one or two rooms, and having a common stair of exit to the street. This crowding of families is produced, in the first instance, by the narrow limits of the city, which is scarcely more than two miles in length by a mile and a half in breadth; and in the next, by the lazy habits of their Spanish ancestry, which still gathered them together for the sake of gossiping and idling, and

which seem every where to have had an abhorrence of cleanliness, of fresh air, and of the sight of a field; the population thus festering on each other, while the country round them is open, healthful, and cheerful. The inhabitants, to the amount of two hundred thousand, evidently prefer half suffocation in an atmosphere that tortures the nostrils of all strangers; and are content with the dust and dimness, the heat and the effluvia, naturally generated by a tropical sun acting upon a crowded population.

In addition to this voluntary offence, Mexico has two natural plagues, inundations and earthquakes. The city was once a kind of American Venice, wholly surrounded by water, penetrated by water, and built on piles in the water. A gigantic canal, which was tunnelled through its mountain barrier in the beginning of the seventeenth century, partially drained the waters of the lakes, and left it on firm ground. But the lakes, from time to time, take their revenge; clouds of a peculiarly ominous aspect begin to roll along the mountains, until they break down in a deluge. Then the genius of the land of monks exhibits itself, and all the bells in the city are rung, whether to frighten the torrent, or to propitiate the Deity. But the rain still comes down in sheets, and the torrents roar louder. The bells meet the enemy by still louder peals. At length the clouds are drained, and the torrents disappear; the bells have the praise. The city recovers its spirits, finds that its time for being swept from the earth has not yet arrived; the sun shines once more, and the monks have all the credit of this triumph over Satan and Nature.

Mexico has its museum, and it contains some curiosities which could not be supplied in any other part of the world. They are almost wholly Mexican. The weapons found among the people at the time of the conquest: rude lances, daggers, bows and arrows, with the native armour of cotton, and those wooden drums which the old Spaniards seem to have dreaded more than the arms. Among them is the Mexican "razor sword," a staff with four projecting blades, made of volcanic glass, and brought to such sharpness that a stroke has been known to cut off a horse's head. In the museum there are some still more curious specimens of their manufactures, paper made from the Cactus, with much of their hieroglyphic writing on it. One of these rolls exhibits the Mexican idea of the deluge, and among other details shows "the bird with a branch in its claw." It is said that they had traditions of the leading events from the Creation to the Deluge, nearly resembling the Mosaic history; but that from the Deluge downwards all records have escaped them. But the museum contains more modern and more characteristic remains. Among the rest, the armour of Cortes.

From its size, its wearer must have been a man of small stature, and about the size of Napoleon. The armour of the brave Alvarado is also in the museum, and is even smaller than that of Cortes; but, as a covering of the form, both are complete. The wearer could have been vulnerable only at the joints: the horse of the man-at-arms was similarly protected, being in fact covered all over either with steel or bull's hide. The use of cannon finally put an end to the wearing of armour, which was found to be useless against weight of metal. It is now partially reviving in the cuirass, and unquestionably ought to be revived among the infantry so far as covering the front of the soldiers. The idea is childish that this would degrade the intrepidity of the troops. The armour of knighthood did not degrade its intrepidity; the cuirasses of our dragoons have not degraded their intrepidity; nor will any man be the less daring from the sense that he is less exposed to the casualties of the field.

A colossal bronze statue of Charles IV. stands in the court-yard of the museum, but its history is of higher value than its subject; that history being that it was designed by one native Mexican, and cast by another. Thus at least showing that the cultivation of the fine arts is not impossible, even in Spanish America.

There also is the great sacrificial stone on which human victims bled, a circular mass four feet high and eight in diameter, with figures in relief elaborately carved on the top and sides. On this stone sixty-two of the companions of Cortes were put to death before the eyes of their countrymen.

The finance of Mexico becomes a matter of European importance, in a period which should be called the "The Age of Loans." The debt in 1844 was about one hundred millions of dollars, of which sixty millions are due to foreigners. But the territory is evidently the richest in silver that the world has yet seen, and possibly exceeding in mineral wealth all the world beside, if we except the gold sands of the Ural, which have lately teemed with such marvellous produce. Humboldt reckoned no less than three thousand silver mines in Mexico in the year 1804. But not one fiftieth of those mines continue to be worked, a result caused by the distance of quicksilver in the mines of Old Spain. The mines produce but little gold, and that little is generally found in combination with silver. But the quantity of silver is absolutely astonishing. The mines still continue to give a produce as large as in any of the last two centuries, in which Humboldt computes the average produce at twelve millions of dollars annually. But allowing for the quantity notoriously smuggled out of the country, besides the eighteen millions and a half of gold and silver actually registered for exportation, the produce may amount to twenty-four millions of dollars yearly. This increase evidently arises from the greater tranquillity of the country; for in the times of actual revolution, it frequently sank to three or four millions.

The American writer from whom we have taken these calculations, cannot help betraying the propensity of Yankeeism, by talking of the wonders which would be done in such a country if it were once in the possession of Jonathan. He thinks that the produce of the mines would be "at least five times as great as it is now," that every mine would be worked, and that many more will be discovered. Calculating the exports of British produce at two hundred and sixty millions of dollars yearly, he thinks that "Mexico, if in full action, would equal that amount in ten years." But his words are more significant still with respect to the relations of the United States. We are to remember that those words were written previously to the aggression which has just taken place against Mexico, and which the Americans pretend to be perfectly innocent and justifiable. And also, that they are written by an American minister. "Recent manifestation," says this writer, "of a rabid, not to say rapacious spirit of acquisition of territory on the part of our countrymen, may well cause a race so inferior in all the elements of power to tremble for the tenure by which they hold this Eldorado. It is not often, with nations at least, that such temptations are resisted, or that 'danger winks on opportunity.' I trust, however, that our maxim ever will be, 'noble ends by worthy means,' and that we may remember that wealth improperly acquired never ultimately benefited an individual or a nation."

Those are wise and just sentiments. But we unluckily see the practical morality of the Americans on the subject, in the invasion of the territory, and the slaughter of the natives.

The mineral produce is not confined to gold and silver. No country produces larger masses of that iron which so much better deserves the name of precious

metal, if we are to estimate its value by its use. And tin, lead, and copper are also found in large masses.

The fertility of the soil, where it receives any tolerable cultivation, is also remarkable, and two crops may be raised in one year. But the farmers have neither capital nor inclination to cultivate the soil. Having no market, they have no use for their superfluity, and therefore they raise no superfluity. A considerable portion of the whole territory is also distributed into immense pastures of eighty or a hundred thousand cattle, and fifteen or twenty thousand mules and horses, the grass being green all the year round, and those animals being left to the course of nature. Yet, except when there is a government demand to mount the cavalry, those immense herds of horses seldom find a purchaser, nearly all agricultural work being done by oxen. Horses are sold at from eight to ten dollars a-piece. But the Mexicans exhibit the old Spanish preference for mules, and a pair of handsome carriage mules will cost one thousand dollars.

Thus, in all the precious products of the earth, Mexico may stand a rivalry with the most favoured nations. It is the land of the cochineal; it produces all the rice which is required for the food of the people; the silk-worm might there be multiplied to any extent; cotton can be raised in almost every province to a boundless amount. The high grounds are covered with fine timber, and, where nothing else is produced, bee's-wax abounds; this is consumed chiefly in the churches, where a part of their religion consists in keeping candles perpetually burning. Yet the Mexican bee-masters are as careless as the rest of their countrymen, and they do not produce wax enough for this holy ignition, and great quantities are imported accordingly.

The history of Mexico, since the Spanish conquest, is a combination of the histories of European sovereignty and American republicanism.

Mexico was not among the discoveries of the great Columbus, though he approached Yucatan. That peninsula was first seen in 1517 by Cordova. In 1519 the famous Hernan Cortes landed on the site of Vera Cruz. After founding Villa Rica, he began his memorable march into the territory of Montezuma, King of the Aztecs. It cost him two years of desperate struggle to make good his ground; the Mexicans exhibited occasional bravery, and fought with the fervour of devotees to their king and their idols. But the novelty of the Spanish arms, the belief in an ancient prediction that "the kingdom was to be conquered from the sea," and, above all, the indefatigable bravery of Cortes, finally established the supremacy of Spain.

The great source of calamity to Spain has always been its pride. The groundless sense of personal superiority in every thing belonging to Spain, its religion, its government, its literature, and its people, has, during the last four hundred years of European advance, kept Spain stationary. The country was pronounced to be perfect, and what is the use of trying to improve perfection? But the Spaniard pronounced himself as perfect as the country; and, therefore, what was the use of his adopting the inventions, habits, or intelligence of others? He disdained them all, and therefore continued the byword of ignorance, arrogance, and prejudice, to all nations. The troops of Cortes, and the gallant adventurers who followed them as settlers in the Spanish colonies, had descendants who soon began to form a powerful population. Among those, a government possessed of common sense would have found the natural support of the parent state. But the man of Spain scorned to acknowledge the equality even of the Spanish blood, when born in the colonies; and no office of trust, and no commission in the colonial troops, could be given to a Creole. The foundation of hostility was thus laid at once, and on it was raised a large superstructure.

Another race soon rose, the children of Spaniards by native women, the *Mestizos*. They, too, were excluded from all employments. The revolt of the United States would probably have applied the torch to this mass of combustible matter, but for the jealousy of the two races. As the men of Old Spain despised the Creole, the Creole despised the *Mestizo*. Thus the power of Spain remained guarded by the jealousies of both.

But a new period was at hand. The infamous seizure of Spain by Napoleon in 1808, roused both races to an abhorrence of the French name, and a determination to separate themselves from a kingdom which could now be regarded only as a French province. Again jealousy prevailed; the Creoles demanded a national representation, the Spanish troops and *employes* a royal government. In the midst of their disputes, a powerful enemy appeared. The *Mestizos* and Indians united under a village priest, Hidalgo, and overran the country. This incursion brought the disputants to a sense of their own peril; they collected troops, were beaten by the bold priest, rallied for another field, beat him, took him prisoner in the battle, and put him to death.

But the spirit of revolt had now become popular, and another priest, Morelos, was found to head another insurrection. His talents and intrepidity swept all before him for a period, and the "independence of Mexico" was declared by a "national assembly" in November 1813. But Morelos was finally unfortunate, was attacked by the Spanish general Calleja, who seems to have been a man of military genius, was taken prisoner, and shot. The Old Spaniards were once more masters, and Apodaca, a man of intelligence and conduct, was sent from Spain as viceroy.

But sudden tumults broke out in Spain itself. The "Constitution of 1820" was proclaimed, the parties in Mexico followed the example, and a constitution strongly tending to democracy was proposed. It produced a total dissolution of the alliance between the Creoles and the Old Spaniards, the former demanding a government virtually independent, the latter adhering to Spain. In the confusion, Iturbide, a young Creole of an ancient family, and of large possessions, pushed his way into power, and, to the astonishment of all Western republicanism, in 1822 proclaimed himself Augustin the First, Emperor of Mexico.

But he instantly committed the capital fault of quarrelling with his congress. By a rash policy he dissolved the assembly and appointed another, composed of his adherents. But Cromwell's boldness required Cromwell's abilities to sustain it. The army had been the actual givers of the throne, and what they had given they regarded themselves as having the right to resume. The generals revolted against Iturbide, overthrew him, proclaimed a new constitution, and sent him to travel in Europe on a pension!

The constitution thus formed (October 1824) was republican, and took for its model that of the United States. Its two assemblies are a senate and a house of representatives. The senate consisting of two members for each state; the representatives, of two for every eighty thousand inhabitants. All must be natives, and have landed property to the amount of eighty thousand dollars, or some trade or profession which brings ten thousand dollars annually. The Congress sits every year from the first of January to the middle of April. The Senators holding their seats for four years, generally; the representatives for two. The executive is vested in a president and vice-president, both elected by the state legislature for four years. The ages of the several functionaries are curiously fixed. The representatives must have attained the age of twenty-five, the senator of thirty, and the high officers of state thirty-five. The whole ter-

ritory forms one "Federal Republic, governed by one Executive," a marked distinction between Mexico and its model; the several states of the American Union retaining to themselves many of the privileges which, in the Mexican, belong to the government of the capital.

Iturbide, after a two years' exile, whether uneasy in his fall, or tempted by the perpetual tumults of party at home, returned to Mexico in 1824. He was said to complain of the stoppage of his pension; but, before his arrival, a party especially hostile to him had obtained power, and Iturbide, with a rashness which exhibits the true Creole, landing, without making the natural inquiry into the actual condition of things, was instantly seized and shot. Santa Anna, who had distinguished himself in the military service, now appealed to the usual donor of power, the army, and at the head of his squadrons, took possession of the Presidency.

In the present confusion of Mexican affairs, the recollection of Santa Anna has been frequently brought before the mind of his nation, as the only man fit to sustain it under the difficulties of the crisis; and nothing can be more fully acknowledged, than that, among the successive leaders of the country, he has had no rival in point of decision, intelligence, and intrepidity, the qualities obviously most essential for the time.

Santa Anna, in 1823, was unknown; he was simply a colonel in the Mexican service. The declaration of public opinion in that year for Republicanism, found him a zealous convert; and at the head of his regiment he marched from Vera Cruz to meet the troops of Iturbide. He met the Emperor's general, Echavari, half-way to the capital, and, after some trivial encounters, made a convert of his enemy; Echavari's battalions marched into Santa Anna's camp. Iturbide, thus suddenly stripped of his troops, had no alternative but to capitulate, and go into banishment. The Republic was proclaimed, and Santa Anna was recognised as the deliverer of his country. But an occasion occurred in which his military talents were to be equally conspicuous.

In 1829, a Spanish armament, with four thousand troops under General Barrados, made its appearance off Tampico, dispatched to recover the country for the Spanish crown. This instance of activity on the part of Old Spain was so unexpected, that the Republic was in general consternation. But Santa Anna took his measures with equal intelligence and bravery. Collecting about seven hundred men hastily, crossing the Gulf in open boats, and evading the Spanish vessels of war, he landed within a few miles of the Spanish expedition. Barrados, unprepared for this dashing antagonist, had gone on some rash excursion, carrying with him three-fourths of his force; the remaining thousand were the garrison of Tampico. Santa Anna, losing no time, assaulted the place next morning, and after a four hours' struggle, made the whole garrison prisoners. But this victory had placed him in imminent danger. Barrados rapidly returned; the Mexican general, encumbered with prisoners, found himself in presence of triple his numbers, and with a river in his rear. Death, or surrender, seemed the only alternative. In this emergency, he dexterously proposed an armistice, impressing the Spanish general with the idea that he was at the head of an overwhelming force—an impression the more easily made, from the apparent hardihood of his venturing so near an army of Spanish veterans. One of his first conditions was, that the Mexican troops should return to their own quarters unmolested. Thus, with merely six hundred men, he escaped from five times that number. In a few days he was joined by several hundred men. He then commenced a vigorous and incessant attack on the Spanish position, which was followed by the surrender of the entire corps; and 2200 Spaniards were embarked for the Havannah as prisoners of war. Santa Anna's force never exceeding 1500 men.

A campaign of this rank naturally placed him in a distinguished point of public view. Yet he remained in comparative quiet on his estate near Vera Cruz, probably on the Napoleon principle—waiting his opportunity. It soon came; in 1841, Bustamante, the president, fell into unpopularity; murmurs rose ominously among the troops, and Santa Anna was summoned to head the revolution. Gathering five or six hundred men, chiefly raw recruits, he marched on the capital. The enterprise was singularly adventurous, for Bustamante was an experienced officer, with 8000 men under his immediate command. Santa Anna again tried the effect of diplomacy; the result was, that Bustamante finally surrendered both his power and his place, and was shortly after sent into exile.

Santa Anna now governed the country as dictator. His administration had the rashness, but the honesty, of his Spanish origin; and Mexico, relieved from the encumbrance of her Spanish dependence, was beginning to enjoy the riches of her unparalleled climate and boundless fertility, when a new enemy arose in Texas—the American settlers, who, in the spirit of cosmopolitanism, had been universally suffered to enter the Mexican territories as inhabitants. The result was, that they began to clamour for provincial independence. The natives were generally tranquil; but the new comers intrigued, harangued, and demanded a direct alliance with the United States. The struggle has been too recent to require recital. Santa Anna, with the rashness which characterises his courage, rushed into this war with troops evidently unprepared. After various skirmishes, in which the settlers suffered severely, his undisciplined force was routed, and Santa Anna, left alone in the field, was made prisoner in the attempt to escape. The "Independence" of Texas followed, which was quickly exchanged for the "Annexation" to the United States, by which its independence was extinguished.

The "Annexation" was immediately pronounced by the Mexican government to be a breach of that treaty by which the neighbouring States were pledged to respect the possessions of each other; and the invasion of Mexico by an American army was the consequence. The Mexican force on the frontier was obviously too feeble for any effective resistance; and the American general, after some delays of movement, and divisions of his forces, which one active officer on the defensive would have turned to his ruin, attacked the Mexicans, drove them from their position, and took their guns. Since that period the advance of the Americans seems to have been checked by the difficulties of the country. Whether it is the intention of the American commander to fight, or to negotiate, to make a dash for the capital, or to treat for California, must be left to be discovered by events. But Paredes, the present head of the state, and commander of the troops, has the reputation of a brave officer, and Santa Anna is strongly spoken of as the man whom the nation would gladly summon to the redemption of his country.

But Mexico has one fatal feature, which makes the mind despair of her ever holding the rank of a great nation. However glaring may be the superstition of continental Europe, it is of a feeble hue to the extravagance of Mexican ceremonial. In those remote countries, once guarded under the Spanish government with the most jealous vigilance from the stranger's eye, every ceremonial was gradually adopted, of every shape and colour, which the deepest superstition, aided by great wealth, the influence of a powerful hierarchy, and the zeal of a people at once desperately ignorant and singularly fond of show, could in-

vent. Rome, and even Naples, were moderate, compared with Mexico. The conveyance of the Host to the sick was almost a public pageant; its carriage to the wife of Santa Anna was accompanied by twenty thousand people. The feast of Corpus Christi exhibits streets through which thirty or forty thousand people pour along, of all classes of society, with thousands of soldiery, to swell and give military brilliancy to the display. At the head of the pageant moves a platform, on which the wafer is borne by the highest dignitaries of the church. Then follows, in a similar vehicle, "Our Lady of the Remedies," blessed Virgin Mother, a little alabaster doll, with the nose broken and an eye out. This was the image of herself given by the Virgin to Cortes to revive the valour of his soldiers after the Mexican defeat; and this the priests profess to believe, and the populace actually do believe. The doll's wardrobe, with its precious stones, is valued at a million of dollars. The doll stops all contagious diseases, and is remarkably active in times of cholera.

Some of the popular exhibitions on Scriptural subjects are actually too startling to be described to Christian ears. Among those is the exhibition of the Nativity, as the especial display of Christmas eve. Joseph enters Bethlehem with Mary; they are sitting on the same mule; they search the city for lodgings in vain. At last they find the stable. The rest of the exhibition, a part of which, however, passes behind a curtain, is indescribable. And all this is done with the highest approbation of the ecclesiastical authorities.

The anniversary of the "Miracle" of the "Virgin of Guadalupe," is one of the "grand days" of the Federal Republic. The president, the cabinet, the archbishop, and all the principal functionaries of the state, are present, with an immense multitude of every class. A member of Congress delivers an oration on the subject; and the Virgin and her story are no more doubted than the history of the Magna Charta. The story thus blazoned, and thus believed, is briefly this:—

An Indian, going to Mexico one morning in the sixteenth century, saw a female form descending from the sky. He was frightened; but the female told him that she was the Virgin Mary, come down to be the patron of the Mexican Indians, and ordered him to announce to the bishop that a church must be built in the mountain where she met him. The Indian flew to the bishop, but the prelate drove him away. The next day he met the Virgin on the same spot, and she appointed a day to convince the sceptical ecclesiastic. She bid him go to the summit of the mountain, where he should find the rock covered with roses for the first time since the Creation. He carried the roses in his apron to the bishop, when, lo! he found that on his apron was stamped a figure of the Virgin in a cloak of velvet spangled with stars of gold! Her proof was irresistible, and the church was built. The original portrait is still displayed there, in a golden frame studded with precious stones, with the motto, *Non fecit taliter omni nationi*. (He hath not so done to every nation; or, more significantly, to any other nation.) Copies of the Miraculous picture, of more or less costliness, are to be found in almost every house, and all have the full homage of saintship. The Church of the Virgin, though not so large as the Cathedral, is of a finer style, and nearly as rich; the balustrade is pure silver, and all the candelabra, &c., are of the precious metals.

The idleness and the low class of life from which the majority of the monks and friars are taken, make the celibacy especially dangerous to the community. The higher orders of the priesthood are comparatively decorous; but many of them have these suspicious appendages to a priest's household, which are called "house-keepers," with a proportionate share of those equally suspicious appendages, which are popularly called "nephews and nieces," the whole system being one which furnishes a large portion of the gossip of Mexican society. But on those topics we have no wish to dwell.

Whether the American invasion will succeed in reaching Mexico, or in obtaining Upper California, or in breaking up the Federation, are matters still in the future. The disruption of the Federation seems to have been already, and spontaneously begun; Yucatan is said to have demanded independence; and the northern provinces bordering on the United States will, in all probability, soon make the same demand. It is obvious that the present Mexican territory is too large for the varying, distracted, and feeble government which Mexico has exhibited for the last quarter of a century—a territory seven times the size of France, or perhaps ten times that size, can be governed by a central capital only so long as the population continues scanty, powerless, and poor. But if Mexico had a population proportionate to France, and there is no reason of doubting its capacity of supporting such a population, the capital would govern a territory containing little less than three millions of men; an obvious impossibility, where those men were active, opulent, intelligent, and engaged in traffic with the world. The example of the Chinese population is not a contrary case. There the empire was old, the throne almost sacred, the imperial power supported by a large military establishment, the character of the people timid, and the country in a state of mental stagnation. Yet, even for China, great changes may be at hand.

But the whole subject is to be looked on in a more comprehensive point of view. There is a general shaking of nations. The Turk, the Egyptian, the African, and the Chinese, have all experienced an impulse within late years, which has powerfully influenced their whole system. That impulse is now going westward. The immense regions beyond the Atlantic are now commencing the second stage of that existence, of which their discovery by Europe was the first. The language, the habits and history, the political feelings of England, are becoming familiar to them. They have begun their national education in the great school of self-government, with England for their teacher; and however tardy may be the pupilage, or however severe the event which turn the theory into example, we have strong faith in the conception that all things will finally work together for good, and that a spirit of regeneration is already sent forth on its mighty mission to the New World as to the Old, to the "bond as to the free;" to those whom misgovernment has enfeebled, and superstition has debased, as to those who, possessing the original advantages of civilisation and religion, have struggled their difficult way to increasing knowledge, truth, and freedom, and whose progress has alike conferred on them the power, and laid upon them the duty, of being the moral leaders of Mankind.

Miscellaneous Articles.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS.

Telegraphs on the electric principle are now in rapid construction all along our main lines of railway; in fact, the time is at hand when they will be regarded as indispensable as the rails themselves. Nor is it in Britain alone that this gratifying progress is discernable. France is equally on the alert, and her savans are unremitting in their endeavours to extend the capabilities of these wonderful instruments. The same remark is applicable to Austria, and other continental countries, and in particular to the United States, where Professor Morse, the inventor of a new signal apparatus, capable of performing sixty signs a min-

ute, has been charged with the construction of several lines of telegraph, covering an extent of three hundred leagues. More than this, seas of moderate width will ere long be traversed by those magic wires as effectually as the most sheltered nook of land. We observe that the admiralty, with a view of testing the practicability of conducting a submarine telegraph across the English channel, have approved of, and given leave to, the proprietors to lay down an experimental wire across Portsmouth harbor, from the admiral's house in the dock-yard to the Gosport railway terminus. When this experiment has been sufficiently tested—and there seems to be no doubt whatever of its perfect practicability—then both the English and French governments will give their sanction to the projected line across the Straits of Dover. From Calais it is intended to continue the line to Paris, and from Paris to Marseilles. Upon the completion and success of these projects, a line on a still more gigantic scale, it is stated, will then be attempted by the French government; namely, that of connecting the shores of Africa with those of Europe, thus opening a direct and lightening-like communication between Marseilles and Algeria!

All this is highly gratifying, not only on economical, but on moral and social considerations. By and by these lines will be used not merely by railway companies in conveying their own directions, nor by government in transmitting important intelligence, but they will be employed by private individuals, by friends, by members of the same family, as a sort of extraordinary post in cases of emergency. How delightful, for instance to learn, even by one day's anticipation of the ordinary post, that the long absent friend has safely arrived from abroad! How gratifying to know morning and evening, the condition of a distressed relative who may be four or five hundred miles distant! In matters of business, too, it will be of infinite advantage; the most perfect secrecy being obtainable by making the officials connected with the telegraph transmit certain cyphers known only to the parties communicating. Moreover, it will afford one of the most thorough means of detection, as it has already been proved in several cases of theft. Let a bank robbery be committed in Edinburgh, for example, during the night, and next morning by ten o'clock, the intelligence, with its particulars, may be communicated to the bankers of Glasgow, London, Liverpool, and every other town between which the telegraphic wires may be suspended. In fact, by means of this and railway and steamboat communication, the escape of culprits, which is every day becoming less practicable, will soon be rendered next to impossible—a fact that will tend powerfully to lessen the amount of crime; the certainty of detection being one of the most potent means of prevention. And, taking still more general ground, it will be the means of uniting countries in closer friendship and friendly regard—bringing them, in many of their most important transactions, as it were together—placing them, as regards time and distance at least, on the same exchange, and in the same council chamber; and it will develop reciprocal feelings, which have now scarcely existence. Once in the enjoyment of such privileges, it will not be a slight matter that will lead to any disruption; for there is nothing more certain than that the tendency to war becomes always less in proportion to a nation's experience of the advantages of peace. What a wonderful chapter in the world's history may yet be founded on the fact of the instantaneous transmissibility of the electric fluid along a metallic wire.

BURNING OF WATER.

It was once remarked by a celebrated chemist, when speaking of the probable exhaustion of our coal fields, that he had little fear for that event, as long ere then the progress of science would have enabled man to support the combustion of water. Extravagant as this opinion may appear to the unscientific, there is nothing more likely. Water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen—two gasses without which it would be impossible to eliminate a single phenomenon of combustion. Thus the gas which we burn in our houses is carburetted hydrogen, which, on ignition, gives us light and heat only when in a medium containing oxygen—such as the atmosphere. Here, then, hydrogen and oxygen play the most important parts; and could we resolve water into its proper element, which it is quite possible to do, all that is necessary to produce heat and light is a little carbon. But we are not left to speculate on this matter; the thing has been so far done by M. Jobard; and gas made from water, possessing double the illuminating properties of ordinary coal gas, has been used both in France and in our own country. M. Jobard obtains his hydrogen gas by the decomposition of steam in vertical retorts filled with incandescent coke, and unites this gas, at the moment of formation, with hyper-carburetted gas, produced by the distillation of any hydro carburet—as oil, tar, naphthaline, and other products at present rejected by our ordinary gas works. It is of no moment whence his hydro carburets are produced; indeed the substances which are rendered useless and injurious to the manufacture of the gas, by the present mode of operating, are precisely those which are the richest in illuminating properties. M. Jobard's process and its details have been submitted, since its invention in 1833, to several commissions of inquiry both in Belgium and France, and the reports of these have been uniformly favorable both as to its cheapness and the higher illuminating power of the gas so produced. In a recent number of the 'Bulletin du Musée d'Industrie,' the inventor gives a full account of his process, which is about to become public property; and mentions that it has been used in a manufactory near St. Etienne, in Dijon and Strasburg, partially in Lyons and Paris, and by private individuals in Dublin and London. He modestly concludes his paper by observing that he will not be accused of exaggeration when he states "that there is some value in a process, the principle of which is to decompose water, a substance of no value, by means of coke, which is of very little value—as under this process one pound of oil, which costs a halfpenny, will supply a burner giving a light equal to ten candles during twenty hours."

M. Jobard's is certainly a discovery of great interest, and though not the complete combustion of water predicted by Sir Humphry Davy, is at all events, as every one knows, an important step in the right direction.

Polish Honey.—Poland is perhaps the greatest honey producing country in Europe. In the provinces of Podolia, Ukraine and Volhynia, in particular, the cultivation of the honey bee has long formed an object of national importance; and in these bee-gardens are not only very numerous and extensive, but they are also very common in other parts of the kingdom. There are cottages in Poland with very small portions of land attached to them, on which are to be seen as many as fifty hives; while there are farmers and landed proprietors who are in possession of from 100 to 10,000 hives! There are some farmers who collect annually more than 200 barrels of fine honey, each barrel weighing from 400 to 500 lbs., exclusive of the wax. A tenant is often in this way enabled to pay his rent and taxes, to defray other domestic expenses, and often to accumulate handsome dowries for his daughter.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

Potatoe Substitute.—A Swiss journal states that the bulb of the dahlia, when dressed like potatoes, affords an excellent article of food.

New Sign of Death.—The following discovery may be of great service in cases of suspected death. The communication was lately made to the Royal Academy of Sciences, Paris, by M. Ripault : who, in directing the attention of members to the discovery, observed that it consisted in perfect flaccidity of the iris when the globe of the eye is compressed in two opposite directions. If the individual be living, the pupil retains its circular form, notwithstanding the compression : if dead, the aperture becomes irregular, and the circular form is lost.

March of Music.—Dr. Burney maintained "that the language of sound is never stationary, any more than that of conversation and books." New modes of expression, new ideas from new discoveries and inventions, required new phrases; and in the cultivation of instruments, as well as of the voice, emulation would produce novelty, which, above all things, is wanted in music. And to say that the symphonies of Haydn, and the compositions of Mozart and Beethoven have no merit because they are not like Handel, Corelli, and Geminiani, or to say that the singing of a Pacchierotti, a Marchese, a Banti, or a Billington, in their several styles, is necessarily inferior to singers and compositions of the days of Handel, is supposing time to stand still.

S. LOVER.

The Britannia left Liverpool on Wednesday with a full freight and a distinguished list of passengers. Among others, she carried from our shores, wherewith to delight the people of the United States, one of the most beautiful and popular lyrics of this or any other age, whose songs enchant every company with their natural pathos, or excite merriment by their national humour. One of the foremost of Irish novelists has also gone, whose characteristic productions portray the country and its natives in so vivid a manner; yet not to make them laughing-stocks for brogue and blunder, but to exhibit their good qualities along with their eccentricities, and elevate them in the esteem of the world at large. There has at the same time departed a very accomplished musician and composer, whose airs, whether rescued from antiquity and married to legends and superstitions of infinite interest, or original altogether his own, have long won the ear and touched the heart of the British Isles. In the same circle is a very admirable artist, whose miniatures in our exhibitions took no distant rank from those of Sir W. Ross, Sir W. Newton, and Thorburn. To these we may add an individual unequalled for powers to furnish the entire material for varied entertainment—the pathetic, the ludicrous, the poetic, the musical, and himself embody the whole and give them voice and form for public gratification, most pleasing to the intellectual, and highly amusing to all. Perhaps our readers will ask the names of these personages? They are comprised in a single one—Samuel Lover! He has parted from us to try his fortunes in America, where, we doubt not, his abundant and versatile talents will be duly appreciated. The taste of the country, and its love of the dramatic art, will find ample food for pleasure in Lover's Evenings; and when it is felt that he is the creator of all these intellectual stores, as well as their gifted exponent, we can fancy that from Boston to New Orleans the treat will be triumphant. We will merely add one word more to our contemporaries on the other side of the big water. We entrust to their care and hospitality for a few months a friend who takes with him the warm affections of a wide English and Irish circle, and we tell them that he has earned this feeling not more by his genius than by his conduct in private life, as a worthy member of society and that comprehensive word, a gentleman.—*Literary Gazette.*

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Wednesday, August 26.

DR. MENDELSSOHN'S 'ELIJAH.'

As times go, it may be doubted how far Musical Festivals, according to past fashion, will continue in favour, in our provincial towns, for another half century. The increasing rapidity and cheapness of travelling must tend towards centralization; and make London more than ever the headquarters of costly entertainments. But the development of a taste for part-singing will increase the number of those who, after having practised to their own hearts' content begin to desire to sing for their friends and townfolk. Possibly, a cheaper style of meeting will become the vogue. Meanwhile, the only means of keeping alive the interest of these entertainments as conducted on the expensive plan lies in the production of novelty. In this, the Birmingham Festival Committee has always shown itself honorably strenuous, and never more so than on the present occasion. A picturesque chronicler of the "Musical Meeting" of 1846 would begin his history by dwelling on the beautifications which the Town Hall has undergone since it was last used for Festival purposes. These are many; and all tending to that satisfaction of the eye which whether the locale be new or ancient—some lath-and-plaster building as at Bonn, or some old corporation as at Norwich—has a good deal to do with the comfort and pleasure of the ear. The Birmingham Town Hall, since we last entered it, has been decorated according to the new fancy of harmonious opposition of colours;—the "roc's egg" being, to our envious London eyes, (which fain would see so splendid a concert room within our own boundaries) the absence of a temperate introduction of gilding, such as might at once chasten and enrich the general effect. Leaving this hint to the spirited gentlemen of Birmingham—let us turn to matters of more pressing interest: some of which, we imagine, will entitle this Festival of 1846 to be recorded among the most interesting of a brilliant series.

It were lost labour to offer any diffuse account of yesterday's performance, "The Creation;" sung by the well-known English singers in addition to Madame Caradori and Herr Staudigl, and followed by some fragments of Rossini's "Stabat," to introduce the Italians. Enough to say that, as a whole, the work—which, by the way, had one of its first grand English performances at Birmingham, and was then oratorically discussed by Anna Seward in her correspondence—went with zeal and spirit;—one or two flaws overlooked in the individual artists.—No rehearsal of it had been possible; since our English Committees and orchestras have not arrived at the point of preferring, on these occasions, perfection to quantity, and the new music had claimed all the disposable time and energy. This remarked, (and regretted), we are free to devote the remainder of our present notice to the great novelty of the Festival.

Dr. Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' was, on every account, calculated to excite more than ordinary interest. What, indeed, can be harder to win than a second success in a field of composition now so restricted as to choice of subject?—because so occupied by a variety of colossal master-works—as the Oratorio? The second tragedy—the second novel—the second opera—the second symphony—are all easier feats. There have been, probably, few occasions when expectation was more highly raised than on the present. We do not think,—making the largest allowance for the enthusiasm which, with the few, will always attend and protect the first performance of a great work by a great man—making allowance, too, for the curious unwillingness of the many to enlarge their list of musical pleasures,—that the highest expectation can have been disappointed.

The legend of 'Elijah' has been well arranged for the musician's purposes:—one more romantic does not exist in the Old Testament. The land cursed with drought—the sojourn of the Seer in the house of the Widow's Son—the trial of strength between the worshippers of Baal and the worshippers of Jehovah—the slaughter of the false prophets—and, at last, the relief of the shower falling on the thirsty land—offer a series of vivid and various pictures for the First Part, or Division of the work. The very commencement arrests attention. The overture is opened by a few bars of grave and menacing recitative, containing Elijah's anathema against the land, for its idolatrous monarch's sake. To this, follows an instrumental movement (the key, D minor) in somewhat of the ancient manner; wrought up to a vigorous climax,—the topmost point of which is, so to say, the first chorus. This is very originally treated. The emphatic supplication, "Help, Lord! wilt thou quite destroy us?" merges in a choral recitative (which may be paralleled with the Plague of Darkness in Handel's 'Israel'); and this, again, passes into a charming and more rhythmical duet (in a minor) of *soprano*, with chorus, "Zion stretcheth her hands for aid." The next movement is a recitative and *aria* (in E flat) for the tenor (*encored*): its import, to encourage hope in the faithful who maintain their trust in God. Another chorus of the people, still cursed by the drought, follows; leading into what may be called the scene of Elijah's retreat, beside the brook Cherith. This opens with a double quartett, "for he shall give his angels charge over thee,"—delicious to the ear and excellent as a piece of writing. Throughout the whole Oratorio—let us here observe—the presence of celestial witnesses affords the composer admirable means of relief. Then come the sickness of the Widow's Son—and his restoration, in answer to the prayers of the Prophet; followed by a chorus, "Blessed are they who fear him,"—cheerful and hopeful in its melody, and instrumental with a richness and variety which beggar common epithets of praise. The summons of the Prophet to the presence of Ahab succeeds:—and then, the contest between the worshippers of Baal and those of the True God. Nothing can be imagined more exciting than the three choruses of the idolaters, vanquished by the taunts of the Seer—who is stronger in his own firm faith than even in their discomfiture. A rich and voluptuous invocation, beginning in brisk tempo *alla marcia*, gives place to a chorus more anxious and eager—and, lastly, to a more rapid and ferocious movement;—till the blanking silence after the reiterated invocation, "Hear, and answer," (one of the most original and happy employments of musical rest ever produced) leaves the ground free for the Prophet of the True God to step forward and try his strength. Nor can anything be more admirable than the jealousy with which Mendelssohn has guarded this portion of his music from the slightest intrusion of what might be called the theatrical element. Masterful as Elijah is shown to be, he is still *submissus*;—himself made reverent by the conscious possession of the power to strike terror into those who have bowed the knee to Baal. It may be refining,—but we feel as if *The Messenger* were never lost sight of by the composer,—not even in that menacing air, "Is not His word like a fire?"—A short *contralto* air, given to a warning angel, succeeds;—and, then we reach the marvellous recitative and chorus which close the first part. The recitative is in dialogue, between the Prophet, waiting for the rain to descend, and a youth:—the chorus, that the people who follow the Seer's supplications that his curse may be unbound. Here, the musical treatment of the subject is of the highest order. The contrast between the deep, impassioned tones of the Prophet and the clear *unconscious* voice of youth,—the burden of prayer repeated by the chorus,—the eagerness with which the signs of the coming blessing are welcomed, and pictured,—and the burst of full-hearted thankfulness when the windows of Heaven are at last opened,—are rendered with a devotional intensity and manly force which are without peer in this order of composition since Handel was laid in the grave. We know not how to speak too cordially of this whole picture: since our most cordial phrase could not be considered exaggerated by any musician or poet who had been present to-day and observed the mood of the very miscellaneous-collected audience. The final chorus, "Thanks be to God!" was *encored*—we have omitted to say, that the *corale* of angels, "Regard thy servant's prayer!" was also repeated.

It was difficult after such an act as this, to sustain—still more to increase—the interest during another portion of the drama no less important. The maker of the book may be thought, in some measure, to have become bewildered by choice of materials in the second part of his Oratorio; but the composer has flagged, or nodded, wonderfully seldom. A fine *soprano* air—to which, under the circumstances, justice could not be done,—describes the backsliding of the Israelites; and leads into a firm and hopeful chorus, "Be not afraid, saith God our Lord," with a close of singular power and vigour. The next scene is the persecution of the Prophet by Jezebel,—narrated in fierce recitative; with the chorus, in instant reply, like the coming of murderers making haste to do the wicked queen's bidding. The Prophet remains as calm under persecution as under triumph. His air, "It is enough, O Lord! now take away my life," though full of deep sadness, is not sad without hope; and the celestial duet (for two *sopranos*) "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," and still more delicious chorus, "He, watching over Israel, neither slumbers nor sleeps" (most deservedly *encored*), heighten the mood engendered by Elijah's trust under peril;—soothing us with assurances of man's nearness to

the world beyond the tombs,—

in tones and harmonies of a rare sweetness. The composer seems to have lingered over this portion of his task, like a lover:—yet who could wish that he had sped onward, when he has tarried to give such a delicious song as the *contralto* *aria*, "O, rest in the Lord!" (*encored*), one of the gems of the work; not the less so because less ambitious than other of its portions? A short chorus and recitative now prepare the listener for 'The Vision';—when, after the winds had rent the mountains, and the sea had upheaved itself, and the earthquake and the fire had passed, the Lord spake "in a still small voice." This stupendous scene is narrated by the chorus; with all the poetry that imagination could bring and all the luxury that science could accumulate. It was not merely the length of the movement, nor the late period of the work at which it occurs, that exempted it from an *encore*,—but, possibly, too, its own grandeur. "Let us pass on," said Gray, when travelling among the mountains, "and say nothing!" There will be plenty of leisure for superlatives on some future day. We confess, after the almost unprecedented excitement of this movement, to have heard the concluding portion of the Oratorio more languidly: yet it contains one more fine *aria* for Elijah (also *encored*): the chorus narrating his ascension,—which, picturesque as it is, suffers, to our thinking, from coming so close upon the marvellous movement that we do not attempt to praise; a tenor *aria*, "Then shall the righteous shine forth like the sun,"—more beautiful even than the parallel song, "Be thou faithful unto death, in 'St. Paul';—a chorus, "Behold thy servant";—a quartett, "Ho! every one that thirsteth" (making the eighth *encore*, and meriting the same); and the last burst of adoration and thanksgiving, which worthily close the most eminent of modern musical creations.

Such are the main features of 'Elijah,'—hastily outlined. Let us add a general remark or two. The world owes good thanks to Dr. Mendelssohn for having conformed his manner to his subject,—for having treated the same religiously yet romantically. We are aware that those who count devotion by breves and semi-breves,—who imagine sound faith to mean a strict fugue,—who would shut Melody out of the Temple for the sake of the barbarisms of the antique tones,—will shudder, or sneer, at our two epithets, side by side. What, let us ask them, would an artist make of Peter the Hermit, if, in painting, restricted to the passionless monastic sanctities which are their "be-all and end-all,"—and is that not a religious subject? Thus, therefore, in treating a drama where the Prophet with his portents overruled the King with his tens of thousands,—where the Help of Israel vouchsafed visible signs and tokens, to avenge and deliver His people, and to glorify among them the Leader commissioned from on high,—the antique severities of what is called the Church Style would have been too dry and constrained and bloodless to befit a story so full of august and strange transactions and extreme contrasts. "Romantic," however, as we have said, with Dr. Mendelssohn neither means "flimsy" nor "theatrical." Without a basis of science as deep and as sound as ever the most crotchety of canonists and most forcible of fugue writers possessed, there can be no mastery over the free style such as we find in the 'Elijah.' Let any one who wishes to measure this, compare the amount of contrivance in cast of melody, support of harmony, combination of parts, construction at once unexpected and easy,—with the romantic Oratorio by a great contemporary composer—we mean Spohr's 'Babylon';—and the immense superiority in skill must be obvious, whatever be thought of the respective effects of the two works. Or, let us take a still more forcible example: one which, to the end of time, will be evoked when the grandest sacred music is in question. The periods in which the two men flourished being taken into account—Handel will be found to be far more romantic—we may at once boldly say more *operatic*—than Mendelssohn. He even, as we know, transferred whole movements from his operas to his oratorios. Yet what cavalier will be found bold enough to raise his voice against 'Israel,' or 'Judas,' or 'Saul,' as *profane*? We should not have dwelt so long upon a matter simple of comprehension to every thinker, were it not with the view of depriving Prejudice of its vantage ground, by clearly showing while ascribing its pedestal to a new, noble work where and how stand

the statues that enchant the world!

Thus, ere we close these general remarks, we must once more call attention to the *holiness* of tone imparted to all the music which the Prophet has to utter; and which gives his figure a place as entirely apart in the picture as that occupied by the chief Personage in the Rembrandt of our National Gallery,—on which Hazlitt (if we recollect aright) descanted so eloquently. Nor must we omit to point out another reason why 'Elijah' seems superior to its composer's 'St. Paul,'—as well as more likely to become popular. The airs, duets, &c. are more developed—more winning in melody. As a series, the choruses of the new Oratorio are finer, more forcible, and more richly diversified. Dr. Mendelssohn, too, has shown his usual enterprise and variety, without extravagance, in the instrumentation. When so much of what is half-considered or wholly borrowed—of what is unreal and vague—is turned loose on the world to pass for profound, we cannot too warmly welcome a creation in which strength of grasp and freshness of imagination are attested by the artist's willing assent to all the rules and conditions which only the charlatan or the madman disclaims.

Such are our first impressions.—Not only, however, do all works so grand in scale as 'Elijah' demand study and frequent hearing ere the critic is in a condition to speak of them with full knowledge and power to compare,—but our remarks are open to amendment, since this especial Oratorio was not heard under the most advantageous circumstances imaginable. No reflection is intended upon the Birmingham Committee—still less upon the artists, as negligent—least of all, upon the composer, as unreasonable; but it chanced that some of the singers suited the music less than could have been wished. The *soprano* part lies higher than Madame Caradori can sing with comfort to herself. The *contralto* portion, again, makes perpetual calls on those notes of the voice where Miss Hawes is the weakest. Her comprehension of the music was very just; but Nature would not let her give certain portions (as, for instance, in Jezebel's recitative, the declamatory passage, 'He hath transgressed; slay him!') with full effect.

We know not, on the other hand, whether we shall ever again hear the part of Elijah given so finely as by Herr Standigl. His voice has recovered from the tremulousness which, during his late visits to London, had marred our pleasure in hearing it. He was singing, too, with the care and impressiveness of one who liked—because he felt—his part. In particular, the lustre of his voice and the energy of his delivery told in his address to the priests of Baal, 'Call him louder!'—and in the stormy bass-song, 'Is not His word like a fire?' while the devotional invocation, 'Lord God of Abraham!'—and, subsequently, the pathetic lament, 'It is enough,' were examples of that fine and expressive *cantabile*, for which not only good voice and good method, but also good heart are required. Mr. Lockey, too, has substantiated his claim to be considered our first English tenor of serious music,—by the true feeling and fresh voice with which he took the principal duty of this Oratorio. The other parts were sustained by Miss Williams (who also distinguished herself)—her sister—Miss Bassano—Messrs. Hobbs, Phillips, and Machin.

We must not omit, by way of last word, to do justice to the skill and neatness with which the English text to 'Elijah' has been arranged by Mr. Bartholomew. The task is never an easy one; but in this particular instance it was rendered more than ordinarily difficult by the hurry and the fragmentary manner in which it had to be accomplished;—Dr. Mendelssohn having, only a week since, made additions, changes, &c., sufficient to have excused his translator had he been as slovenly as he is complete and satisfactory.

Foreign Summary.

The commissioners have reported that the bay of Galway presents great natural advantages for a more rapid communication with North America.

Arrangements are stated to have been made by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, for conveying treasure from the Pacific to Europe, across the Isthmus of Panama.

Among the late unexpected events connected with the corn trade of this country is the purchase of two cargoes of English grown wheat for exportation to France.

Mr. Cobden was entertained on Tuesday week by the Free-traders of Bordeaux. It was a splendid affair, and Mr. Cobden's speech was received with enthusiasm. He read it in French.

Indian Corn is quoted a Liverpool at 41a44s. per quarter, and Corn Meal 22a23s. bbl. American flour 27a28s. in bond, and 30a31s. duty paid.

Viscount Hardinge, in a letter to a relation, dated Simla, the 19th June, expresses himself patriotically on the subject of retirement from office—

"Yesterday was the thirty-first anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. How impetuously time flies! The reminiscences of bygone days flash across my mind, when I used to receive from you and my cousin many acts of friendship. It makes me feel that I am getting very old; and from the incessant work I have to encounter here I shall be glad when I can retire with honour: but you are all so generous in your distinctions and rewards, that I must not abandon my post whilst my duty is unperformed."

Sir Charles Wetherell died intestate. His personal property, which consists chiefly of investments in foreign stock, is valued at £200,000. As there is no issue, one half will fall to the share of Lady Wetherell, and the other half will be equally divided among Sir Charles's brothers and sisters.

Bank of England.—An Account pursuant to the Act. 7th and 8th Victoria Cap. 32, for the Week ending on Saturday, the 5th Sept., 1846.

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.			
Notes issued	£29,750,870	Government debt	£11,015,100
		Other securities	2,984,900
		Gold coin & bullion	13,199,100
		Silver bullion	2,675,780
	£29,760,870		£29,760,870
BANKING DEPARTMENT.			
Proprietors' capital	£14,553,000	Government securities (including dead weights annuity)	£12,961,735
Rest	3,864,479	Other securities	12,523,550
Public deposits (including exchequer, savings banks, commissioners of national debt, and dividend accounts)	7,318,919	Notes	9,231,095
Other deposits	8,557,109	Gold and silver coin	512,957
Seven days and other bills	935,337		
	£35,229,337		£35,229,337

The Potato Crop.—The Liverpool Mail says:

"It is calculated that the loss by this failure of the potato crop, in Great Britain and Ireland, will amount to upwards of sixteen millions sterling. It is questionable whether enough will be raised or secured for seed next year."

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 11th.—The failure of the potato crop is universal. The reports from every part of the United Kingdom are appalling, whilst letter after letter from the continent of Europe details the ravages which this strange disease has made in France, Belgium, Holland, Prussia, Austria, Russia, &c.

It is now a question which all classes, both here and on the continent of Europe, must seriously consider, how is this deficiency of human food to be made up? The crops in the United Kingdom are not more than an average either in quantity and quality. We must, therefore, look to other countries for a supply. The accounts from France as to the harvest in that country are most distressing, a very large quantity of wheat will therefore be required for its immediate wants.

All over the north of Europe rye, the staple article of consumption, has yielded miserably short. Barley and oats are also defective, and wheat far from abundant. It is therefore evident, that large importations of "bread stuffs" from Canada and United States must take place, for which very remunerating rates will readily be paid. The wise policy of settling the Oregon question without recourse to arms is more than ever apparent. England and the United States have lost nothing, but, on the contrary, both are already gainers.—*European Times*.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

Advices in anticipation of the Overland Mail reached London on the 4th inst. The dates are Bombay, July 18, July 7, and Delhi, July 7. No accounts have been received from China of a later date than those published in our last paper. The following is a brief summary of the news contained in the papers which we have received by this arrival:

The rainy season continued, and the fall was such as to satisfy those who desired much of that most valuable element in India, water. Tranquillity prevailed throughout the whole of that continent.

The cholera had lessened its ravages at Kurrachee, where it destroyed several thousand persons during ten days. The troops had lost about a fourth of their number. Every praise was bestowed upon Sir Charles Napier for his kindness and attention to the sufferers. Only two officers had died, namely, Captain J. B. Seton, of the Bombay Fusiliers, and Lieutenant Dawson, of the 12th Regiment of Native Infantry.

From the Punjab there is no news. All was quiet there. The Governor-General and Lord Gough were there—the rain was falling in torrents.

We have had another arrival by extraordinary express from Bombay, bringing letters and papers from that place to the 6th of August; Madras, July 27; Calcutta, July 23; Delhi, July 22; and Scinde, July 20. A special steamer had been despatched with Sir George and Lady Arthur, and other additional parties, occasioned by the protracted indisposition of the Governor. There is little news of interest by this mail; the following is all that we can find worth extracting.

The departure of Sir George Arthur from the Government of Bombay was fixed for the 5th of August. A long continuance of ill-health is the cause of his retirement. Mr. L. Reid, the senior civil servant in the Bombay Council, was to succeed him until a Governor nominated in London shall have arrived. There is a hope expressed that the Court of Directors will grant Sir George Arthur a pension.

The cholera had nearly left Kurrachee, but had manifested itself at Hydrabad, where Lieut. Campbell, 17th Native Infantry, had been cut off, while Captain John Napier, 62d Foot, on the Governor's Staff, had been cut off at Kurachee.—The 17th Foot had suffered so much at Sukkur from fever, that it was reported in Bombay that they were to be sent either to England, or to the Cape. The returns of the mortality from cholera at Kurrachee, which were received by last mail, turn out to have been nearly double what they ought to have been. About five hundred Europeans in all had perished. India was quiet throughout, and generally healthy. The monsoon had proved a most favorable one, upwards of eighty inches of rain having fallen at Bombay. The money markets were somewhat easier, and it was expected that a brisk trade would commence on the opening of the season.

Mr. Smith O'Brien had a great ovation, at his own door at Cahermoyle, on Sunday. The Repealers of Rathkeale, with the Reverend Mr. Synan, the Roman Catholic curate, at their head, proceeded thither with an address; and on their way they met a multitude from Newcastle, headed also by a priest, bent on the same errand. On meeting, the two bodies set up a deafening cheer: the aggregate number of both parties is estimated by Irish authorities at from 7,000 to 8,000. In his speech, Mr. O'Brien gave an explanation of the causes which led to his retirement from Conciliation Hall—

"Until a Whig Ministry was about to be formed, no difference arose in that assembly of such a nature as to separate those who had been cooperating in that Association like brothers; but, unfortunately, recent events, commencing perhaps as early as last December, but developing themselves more fully during the period of my imprisonment by the English House of Commons, have brought into antagonism persons who previously laboured together for the welfare of this country. A considerable portion, I believe a majority of the Committee of the Association, were of opinion that the Repeal Association, as a body, should pronounce an opinion in support of me in my struggle with the House of Commons. Another portion of the Committee of that assembly, (I believe the majority,) thought it would be safe for the Repeal Association to pronounce an opinion on the subject. Those who supported my cause gave up their opinion with respect to the question being disposed of by the Association as a body; but still on every befitting occasion took the opportunity of declaring that they thought I was right in my collision with the House of Commons. (Cheers, and cries of "So you were.") When there was a prospect of the Whigs coming into power and replacing the Tories, a considerable number of the most able, and most talented, and most disinterested members of the Committee of the Association, proclaimed it as their opinion that it was not desirable that the Repealers of Ireland should make any sort of concession to the Whigs, but that we ought to keep ourselves perfectly independent of any English faction whatsoever; and with that view, that it was desirable that the Repeal Representatives should abstain from getting places, or asking for places for themselves or for others, or from having any connexion whatever with the Government. That was my opinion. (Loud cheers, and cries of "It is our opinion also.") [Here some disapprobation was expressed with reference to the *Pilot* newspaper, which Mr. O'Brien instantly checked.] Then came the election for Dungarvan—it is one of the places in which the Repealers of Ireland believed, and I believe still, that the Repealers possessed a great majority in the constituency; and that had the Repealers of Dungarvan been called on to do their duty to their country, they would have been able to elect a Repealer as their representative, instead of a Whig placeman. I don't mean to disparage Mr. Sheil in any manner whatsoever; but I do say, that it was a most unfortunate circumstance that a Repealer was not elected for Dungarvan. (Cries of "No doubt of it.") Well, a portion of the Committee of the Association took upon themselves to express their opinions strongly, and perhaps indiscreetly, on the subject. When a befitting opportunity arose, they said that the principle of returning a Repealer wherever practicable ought to be carried out. In reference to my imprisonment, they said that I ought to be upheld. (Cries of "So you ought.") They said that no place should be solicited by a Repealer from the Government. They said that the men of Dungarvan had betrayed their duty in not returning a Repealer. (Loud cries of "We say the same.")

This is the difference which has appeared in the Repeal Association. The members of the Repeal Association were called upon to declare that there were no circumstances, that there was no position of any kind, or at any time whatsoever, in which they could be placed, when it would be advisable to recover freedom by arms; and there was a certain portion of the Repeal Association who said they would not subscribe to that pledge. (Loud Cheers.) They said and I say it with them, that it was not their intention to invite their countrymen to settle the question by an appeal to arms. ("Hear, hear!" and cheers.) For my part, I have always endeavoured to impress on the people, whenever I have addressed them, that such an appeal to arms would be disastrous to Repeal, and perhaps throw it back for half a century. But at the same time, I will say, that if the whole of the people of Ireland are unanimous in their demand for the repeal of the Union, and if England, in reply to that demand, should proceed to extremities, and endeavour by force to put down the expression of public opinion—I say in that case resistance would not only be lawful but necessary. I told Mr. Macauley, when he talked to me of resorting to arms to put down the expression of public opinion in Ireland—I said I could tell him that the people of Ireland had arms too. (Tremendous cheering, and cries of "Ay, and we could use them!") I said that if the English people were determined to listen to no reason, to no argument, but to resort to the use of the bayonet for the purpose of crushing the people of this country, it was possible that the English people would come off the worst in the struggle. And now, gentlemen, I, who have been all my life an advocate of peace—I who have nothing to gain but everything to lose by a social revulsion or struggle of the kind I have alluded to—because I cannot subscribe to that test, I am arraigned as a rebel chief. (Loud cheers, and laughter.) And the men who are not prepared to pronounce that Washington committed a sin against his God by liberating America, these are arraigned as fellow conspirators of mine.

"Though I was not certain that my constituents who inhabit this great country approved the course I have adopted, I determined to lay before them my resolution. (Loud cries of "We approve of it.") If I had not been assured by this meeting that you approve of it, I should have had no alternative but that of resigning the trust you have placed in my hands. (Cries of "You must never resign.") As far as I am concerned, I wish it to be made known that the bridge is cut off behind me—that I have left myself no retreat to Whiggery; I must advance with the Irish people. (Tremendous applause.) I am bound to tell you that the course of proceeding at Conciliation Hall, is not that which, in my opinion, would tend to the furtherance of repeal; and therefore I propose to remain here a quiet and humble spectator of political events for the present. Circumstances must arise before long which will indicate what is to be the policy of those who lead the Repeal cause. If that policy will be such as will allow the return of those men who have been driven almost with ignominy from the Association, I shall return. I don't know whether I am a member of the Repeal Association or not; but I am told that some of the most talented and disinterested members have been driven from it; and as long as this is the case I cannot attend Conciliation Hall."

The Rev. Daniel Synan chimed in approvingly—

"If Conciliation Hall policy be persisted in, we shall shortly have Conciliation Hall turned into a Royal Repeal Hospital, where all the duty will be done by paid pensioners. Mr. Smith O'Brien has told nothing but the truth; and although two Bishops and one clergyman have already decided on the other side, the opinions of the great majority of the clergy remain yet to be revealed."

At the weekly Repeal meeting, on Monday. Mr. O'Connell expatiated on

three topics,—the potato failure; the condemnation of the "Godless Colleges" by the Cardinals; and the law of treason as applied to the physical force aspirations of the *Nation* newspaper—

By the law just passed, Government were authorized to give relief wherever it was wanted. That law was a little too extensive for the pleasure of the landlord: it was a labour-rate for the first time imposed upon Ireland; it was a labour-rate which they should pay to keep the poor in employment. The law was sometimes spoken of as being too severe on landlords; but he did not think so, although he was a landlord himself. It was, in fact, an out-door relief under the Poor-law; and he would tell the gentry of Ireland, that they would have that law perpetuated unless they joined in seeking with him for the restoration of their domestic Legislature.

It was with feelings of the utmost delight that he heard the glorious news that the Congregation of Cardinals, to whom the question of the Government scheme of education was referred, had unanimously condemned that measure. What a triumph to the faithful people of Ireland! The attempt to lead them astray—the attempt to give the Government an undue control over the liberties and religion of the people—had failed: the Infidel Colleges had been condemned at Rome, and the people would condemn them at home. At the next meeting he should move an address to the Queen, and a petition to Parliament, praying for the abolition of the system. Mr. O'Connell repeated his expressions of confidence in the Ministry; and as a practical proof, mentioned that he had named two candidates for the choice of the Clonmel electors, but with this stipulation, that whoever was elected should pledge himself to support the Whig Government.

BRITISH POSSESSIONS BILL.

"Whereas by an act passed in the session of Parliament holden in the eighth and ninth years of the reign of her present Majesty, intituled an act to regulate the trade of the British possessions abroad, (8 and 9 Vic., cap. 93.) certain duties of customs set forth in a certain table in the said act contained are imposed upon the importation into any of the British possessions in America, or into the island of Mauritius, of the several articles therein mentioned, not being the growth, produce, or manufacture of the United Kingdom, or of British possessions therein enumerated, and a certain duty of £10 for every £100 of the value thereof is imposed upon the importation thereinto of certain sugar refined in bond in the United Kingdom: and whereas by the said act it is enacted that all laws, bye-laws, usages, or customs which shall be in practice, or endeavour or pretended to be in force or practice, in any of the British possessions in America, which are in anywise repugnant to the said act, or to any act of Parliament made or to be made in the United Kingdom, so far as such act shall relate to and mention the said possessions, are and shall be null and void to all intent and purposes whatsoever: and whereas it is expedient to enable the legislatures or other proper legislative authorities in the said British possessions, with the assent of her Majesty in council, to reduce or repeal all or any of such duties of customs as aforesaid, so far as the same may be in force in such possessions respectively: Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that if and whenever the Legislature or other proper legislative authority of any of the said British possessions in America or the Mauritius make or pass any act or ordinance, acts or ordinances, reducing or repealing all or any of the said duties of customs so imposed as aforesaid by the said recited act upon any articles imported into such possession, and if her Majesty, by and with the advice of her Privy Council, assent to such act or ordinance, acts or ordinances, such duties of customs shall, upon the proclamation of such assent in the colony, or at any time thereafter which may be fixed by such act or ordinance, be so reduced or repealed in such possession as if such reduction or repeal had been effected by an act or acts of the Imperial Legislature, any thing in any act to the contrary thereof notwithstanding.

"II. And be it enacted that all such acts and ordinances shall be laid before both Houses of Parliament, by one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, within thirty days after her Majesty shall have assented thereunto, if Parliament be then sitting, or if not, then within thirty days after the next meeting of Parliament."

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, Aug. 26.—Royal Regt. of Artillery—Major-Gen. J. W. Tobin to be Col.-Commandant, v Lord Bloomfield, dec.; Major-Gen. R. S. Brough to be Col.-Commandant, vice Wulff, dec.

ADMIRALTY, Aug. 26.—Corps of Royal Marines—First Lt. A. S. S. Walsh to be Capt. v Capt. G. Hollingworth, dec.; Sec. Lt. W. M. Mansell to be First Lt. v Walsh, promoted.

Anecdotes of Dogs.—Craven, in his "Recreations of Sporting," tells this story of a favorite terrier:

A Frenchman, who resides in the town of Oswestry had a little black and tan terrier that he had taught to dance, (of course,) to smoke a pipe, to make a low bow on the mention of Napoleon, and to cut a caper of admiration at the words '*Jeune France*.' This animal would fetch and carry any thing any where. Only point to a wig that passed you in the street, and it was in your hand the next moment: and as for picking pockets, handkerchiefs seemed to jump spontaneously into his mouth. It so happened, that on a market day, we were walking with the Frenchman and his dog, on the road leading to Llangollen. It was summer weather, and the dust lay very thick. We had walked about a mile out, and were returning into the town, when suddenly he stopped and said, "At the point where we turned to come back, I dropped a frank among the dust: we will wait till *Moustache* fetch it. *Allez Moustache cherchez*," and off went the four-footed Mercury. An hour had elapsed and no *Moustache* appeared, and we grew tired of waiting; and the Frenchman, thinking he had lost his cur as well as his coin, returned disconsolate to his lodging. The following morning we had occasion to see him early, and, while in his room, there was a scratching at the door. He opened it, and, sorely travel-worn, in rushed *Moustache* with an old leather bag in his mouth, which, together with some bank notes and other money, contained a franc piece. This bag was subsequently claimed by a Welch drover, who, in riding to Llangollen fair, picked up a silver coin that his pony kicked out of the dust. This he had put into his bag, and it was not till long after he missed it he remembered that, while transacting his business in the fair, a strange dog had stuck closely to his heels, and followed him to his bed room when he retired for the night. What occasion *Moustache* had taken for abstracting his bag, or by what necromancy of nose he knew it contained his master's money, was alike mysterious. All that ever transpired was, that the drover had his treasure, and the reader has the tale to deal with according to his pleasure. Something similar is told of a Newfoundland:

A gentleman put a marked shilling under a stone by the roadside, first

showing it to his Newfoundland dog. The gentleman then, with his friends rode forward three miles and then the dog received his signal to turn back; the gentleman rode home; but to their disappointment and surprise, the hitherto faithful messenger did not return, during the day. It appeared he had gone to the spot where the shilling was deposited, but the stone being too large for his strength to remove, he had stayed howling at the place, till two horsemen, riding by, and attracted by his seeming distress, stopped to look at him; when one of them alighting, removed the stone, and seeing the shilling, put it into his pocket, not conceiving it to be the object of the dog's search. The dog followed their horses for twenty miles, remained undisturbed in the room where they supped, followed the chambermaid into the bedchamber, secreted himself under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his trowsers upon a nail by the bed side; but, when both travellers were asleep, the dog took them in his mouth, and leaping out of the window, left open on account of the sultry heat, reached his master's home with his prize; when, from the memoranda in the pocket, everything but the shilling was returned to the owner and the singular circumstance elucidated. This anecdote very strongly resembles that before related of the Frenchman's terrier. For this story we do not personally vouch; the terrier's feat came actually under our own observation.

MEMORY'S PICTURES.

When absence hides from me my loved one's face,
While love is harping in me love's alarms,
I fly to memory, and bid her trace
Upon my heart a picture of its charms.
But oh, 'tis useless; for before she makes
A truthful portrait with her pencil there,
My eager eyes the growing fabric breaks,
And I see only fragments every where:
A bright eye here, and there a dancing curl,
A pouting mouth, a little dimpled chin;
But all in such a wild chaotic whirl
That I know not with which one to begin
To make them all a lovely whole again,
And so to let them vanish I am fain.

THE POETRY OF RAILWAYS.

No poetry in Railways!—foolish thought
Of a dull brain, to no fine music wrought.
By mammon dazzled, though the people prize
The gold alone, yet shall not we despise
The triumphs of our time, or fail to see
Of pregnant mind the fruitful progeny,
Ushering the daylight of the world's new morn.
Look up, ye doubters, be no more forlorn!
Smooth your rough brows, ye little wise; rejoice,
Ye who despond; and with exulting voice
Salute, ye earnest spirits of our time,
The young Improvement ripening to her prime;
Who, in the fulness of her genial youth,
Prepares the way for Liberty and Truth,
And breaks the barriers that, since earth began,
Have made mankind the enemy of man.

Lay down your rails, ye nations near and far;
Yoke your full trains to Steam's triumphal car;
Link town to town; unite in iron bands
The long-estranged and oft-embattled lands.
Peace, mild-eyed seraph—Knowledge, light divine,
Shall send their messengers by every line.
Men, joined in amity, shall wonder long
That Hate had power to lead their fathers wrong;
Or that false Glory lured their hearts astray,
And made it virtuous and sublime to slay.

Blessings on Science! When the earth seemed old,
When Faith grew doting, and the Reason cold,
'Twas she discovered that the world was young,
And taught a language to its lisping tongue;
'Twas she disclosed a future to its view,
And made old knowledge pale before the new.

Blessings on Science! In her dawning hour
Faith knit her brow, alarmed for ancient power;
Then looked again upon her face sincere,
Held out her hand, and hailed her—Sister dear:
And Reason, free as eagle on the wind,
Swooped o'er the fallow meadows of the mind,
And, clear of vision, saw what seed would grow
On the hill slopes or in the vales below;
What in the sunny South or nipping Nord,
And from her talons dropped it as she soared.

Blessings on Science, and her handmaid Steam!
They make Utopia only half a dream;
And show the fervent, of capacious souls,
Who watch the ball of Progress as it rolls,
That all as yet completed, or begun,
Is but the dawning that precedes the sun.

SANTA FE.

BALTIMORE, Thursday evening.

By advices per western mail we learn that on the 18th of Aug., Gen. Kearney entered Santa Fe, and having hoisted the United States flag from the National Palace, proclaimed New Mexico in possession of the United States Army, which was greeted with shouts of applause by the Mexican people. He administered the oath of allegiance to the Alcaldes of small towns and officers of Santa Fe. He proclaimed himself Governor of New Mexico and took quarters at the Palace. Armiño, with 4000 troops, fled to Chihuahua, where report says strong resistance would be made by a large army. Gen. Kearney was preparing to march to Chihuahua.

COMMITTEE AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE LATE PASSENGERS OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

The danger was past, and with grateful hearts on Tuesday morning, all assembled in the cabin to render an act of common prayer and thanksgiving.

Rev. Dr. Smucker read a psalm and made some appropriate introductory remarks, and Rev. Dr. Beecher addressed the passengers at length and with much force on the mercy we had experienced, and prayer was offered.

After the religious services were ended, Archibald Gracie, Esq., of New York, was called to the chair, and the Rev. Mr. Marsh appointed Secretary. On motion it was

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to draft a resolution expressive of our gratitude to Almighty God for his great goodness in our almost miraculous deliverance from destruction; and also to the captain, officers, and crew of the ship, for their arduous labours, and their skill, firmness, and perseverance, in carrying the ship through her late perilous condition.

The same committee were charged with the duty of reporting a suitable memorial of our gratitude to the captain, officers and crew.

The Chairman, Secretary, Rev. Dr. Beecher of Cincinnati, Rev. Mr. Balch, Dr. Washington and Dr. Detmold of New York, Mr. Hutchinson of Georgia, Mr. F. Mather of Geneva, and Mr. Rawlings of England, constituted said committee.

The Rev. Mr. Balch, at the request of the committee, stated at a subsequent meeting of the passengers, the conclusions at which the committee had arrived, when subsequently it was resolved that two subscription papers be opened, one for the purpose of giving a suitable testimonial to the captain, officers and crew, the other to form the nucleus of a fund for the relief of the families of those whose heads and supporters have been lost at sea, and to be called "The Great Western Fund." Said money in the mean time to be deposited in the hands of James Boorman, Pelatiah Perritt, Rev. Lewis P. W. Balch, James Lennox, and Robert B. Minturn, of New York, as Trustees.

In pursuance of the above resolution, Mr. Gracie addressed the following letter to Captain Mathews:—

At Sea, on Board of Steam-ship }
Great Western, Sept. 28th, 1846. }

Captain Mathews:

Sir,—As Chairman of the Committee appointed by the Passengers on board of this ship, I have now the pleasure of informing you, that the sum of £200 10s. has been subscribed by them, to be presented to the "Captain, officers and crew of the Great Western," as a token of the estimation which is entertained of their valuable services during the late perilous scenes through which we have passed. To those services, as well as to the great strength and other admirable qualities of your noble ship, we are (under Providence) indebted for the preservation of our lives.

To yourself in particular (without overlooking the meed of praise due to others) we would express our feelings of admiration of the coolness and skill displayed by you during the trying period of peril, when, while endeavouring to prevent alarm among us, you did not, when called on, withhold from us your sense of the danger to which we were exposed.

Of the above subscription in behalf of the Passengers, I ask your acceptance of the sum of £80, now presented to you by the Treasurer, in the beautiful purse which has been worked for the occasion by one of our fair passengers; and to distribute the remainder, which is contained in another beautiful purse presented by one of our fair passengers, among the officers and crew under your command, agreeably to the schedule which accompanies it.

At the same time it gives me pleasure to inform you that a liberal contribution has been made, with the view of creating a fund for the relief of families whose heads and supporters have been lost at sea, and that in compliment to yourself and this ship, as well as in commemoration of the signal mercy we have experienced in her, it is to be called the "Great Western Fund."

With sincere wishes for your continual health and prosperity, I remain with great regard, respectfully yours,

ARCHIBALD GRACIE, Chairman.

To this letter Captain Mathews returned the following answer:—

Great Western S.S., at Sea, }
Sept. 26th, 1846. }

To A. Gracie, Chairman, &c.

Sir,—Your letter to me in behalf of the passengers by the Great Western steamship under my command, I feel as a very great compliment to my ship, officers and self, and in reply, I beg to tender most gratefully our best thanks and warmest regards.

It is to Divine Providence alone that we are all indebted for our safety. For during my long experience at sea, I never witnessed so severe a storm, and were it not for the good qualities of my noble ship, under the direction of God, she could not have weathered it.

I am more than pleased at the step your Committee have taken to promote the interest of the widows and orphans of seamen and others lost at sea. And I am sure that the Directors of the Great Western S. S. Co., with myself, and all interested in this ship, will consider it a high compliment which you have conferred upon her. And I for one, will contribute my mite to this glorious undertaking, and I have no doubt but my officers and crew will follow my example.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your ob't serv't.

BARNARD R. MATHEWS.

Mr. Gracie also handed to Mr. Balch, as one of the Trustees of the Great Western Fund, the following letter:

On board the Steamship Great Western, }
Sept. 29th, 1846. }

Gentlemen—I have been directed to inform you by the Committee appointed by those passengers on board of the Great Western, who have made a contribution for the purpose of forming the nucleus of a fund "for the relief of the families whose heads and supporters have been lost at sea, and which in compliment to the Captain and ship, as well as in commemoration of the signal mercy we have experienced in her, is to be called the "Great Western Fund"—that they have unanimously named you Trustees of said Fund.

The subscription now amounts to \$580—which sum will be handed over to you by the Treasurer, Robert Hutchison, Esq., to be invested in such manner as you may deem best, in order that the interest accruing from this and subsequent subscriptions, may be applied to the object proposed.

We doubt not you will lend your valuable co-operation to the furtherance of this noble charity, which deserves, as doubtless will receive, the cordial support of the community at large.—I have the honor, gentlemen, to remain, Your ob't serv't.

ARCHIBALD GRACIE.

To Messrs. Jas. Boorman, Pelatiah Perritt, Rev'd Lewis P. W. Balch, James Lennox and Robert B. Minturn.

The following resolution, expressive of our gratitude to the Almighty God, and of regard for the Captain, officers and crew, was subsequently adopted.

At a meeting of the Passengers held on board of the Great Western, Sept. 29th, 1846, and unanimously adopted,—

Resolved,—In review of the perils of the late gale, which threatened the ter-

mination of our earthly plans, and endeared social relations for the allotments of eternity, and of our deliverance with the cheering prospect of restoration to our families and friends, we desire with grateful hearts to render to God the homage of our devout thanksgiving; with our supplications that He will sanctify to us the admonitions of His providence, and render them subservient to our present and future well-being. We would also render praise to Him for the calmness and decision and endurance granted the Captain, officers and seamen of the ship, through the whole period of the protracted storm; and for the solemnity, and equanimity, and good conduct which amidst such protracted and appalling dangers characterized the passengers and inmates of the ship.

So closes the record of this memorable storm. But never can its recollection be effaced from the minds of those who were exposed to its perils.

When the danger had all passed, said the Captain to me, "Thrice on deck I thought destruction inevitable. Each time a sea of such magnitude and power came at the ship, that I thought it was all over with us. But unexpectedly each broke just at the side of the ship. Sir, the hand of the Lord was in it." Yes, the hand of the Lord was in it—may we never forget 'twas the hand of the Lord!

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.—We have received repeated complaints from our Subscribers in these two provinces, that their papers are charged to them as much as 3½d. currency postage per copy, although we constantly pay the United States postage on each. We find on enquiry that they have hitherto been sent by the Mail Steamer from Boston to Halifax, but we have now arranged that they shall go the direct route from Boston so that we trust there will be no more mistakes of that nature.

Information Wanted.—If A. B. B., who left his home about the 14th of Sept. last, will address a note to his brother in Pearl Street, he will hear of something important to himself as well as relieve the anxieties and fears of his relatives and friends here and abroad.

MARRIED.—In this city, on the 13th of August, by the Rev. O. H. Hedstrom. Mr. James B. Sellick to Miss Julia K. Montgomery, both of this city.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9½ a — per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1846.

By the *Great Western*, Capt. Mathews, we have European news to the 12th inst., which is of no very great importance. The *Great Western* has been 18 days out, had a large complement of passengers, and has had more severe weather than she has had to encounter since she has made a trip across the Atlantic. Her paddle boxes have been washed away, her booms and everything that was moveable about her booms, her sky lights, are all washed away, and even her valuable and respected commander was nearly lost; she shipped seas during the storm of the 21st inst, faster than the water could be got clear of her, and it was every moment expected that she would founder; but providentially, her engine and gear continued uninjured, and here she is, and will be able to sail again on her appointed day. The proceedings of the passengers will be found in our news columns.

Cotton is firm, and the bread stuffs are at an advance, as the potatoe crops are in most places a total failure. O'Connell, who is gone to his country seat, Derrynane, Abbey, has put forth a calculation, that the failure of this crop will be a loss of ten millions sterling to Ireland, but that the English government will be ready to advance that sum if necessary, to assist Ireland. Yet England is the country they would separate from. We wonder where they would get assistance through their apparently bereaved condition, if it were not from England.

By the last accounts received here the Tory "Standard" and the *Grandmother*, "Morning Herald," and other papers of that stamp, were eagerly making account—because four or five hours of a particular department of manufacture found business aback with them—that the manufacturers generally were about to work short time and at reduced wages; but the accounts this time give abundant proof that there is abundant work at good wages, and that the labouring community have not been so well off for many a year, as they are at present. So much for free trade at home; as for lands they are increasing in the price of sale at present.

It is strange that the principle of free trade should have not only been developed but insisted upon so long ago, yet should have been treated as an abstract theory till now, and that all at once it should be making rapid strides, so as to be altogether an acknowledged truism in a very short time, except in the chimeras of a few hot-headed persons, who, as a clique, will only live in memory, to be laughed at. Cobden—the great Cobden—has been received by the French king and feted, his likeness is cast on gold medallions, there are free trade societies established in Paris, in Lyons, and in Marseilles, and now the Russian Czar, Nicholas, is evincing his respect for the principle by causing the speech of Sir Robert Peel to be translated into Russian, and allows it to be read by whosoever can read in his dominions.

LORD METCALFE.—We regret, and that is all that man can do in such a case, to record the death of Lord Metcalfe, the late Governor General of Canada. Willmer of Liverpool speaks of him in the "European Times" after the following manner, which every one concerned for the independence of the press, will endorse, he says.

"Lord Metcalfe has paid the debt of nature. The decease of this eminent man, long expected, has excited less surprise than regret. His country mourns his loss, for, truly, he was amongst the most useful, albeit one of the most modest, of her sons. His diplomatic career, which commenced at an unprecedentedly early age in the East, terminated as most of our western readers know, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. He served the early part of his life in an excellent school—that of the East India Company, in which he proved himself

to be fully a match for the wily tactics of the Eastern Princes. It is creditable to the character of the lamented nobleman that he showed his devotion to the cause of progression throughout the world by the sacrifice of his personal interest. The East India Company never overlooked or forgave the noble conduct of their servant, during the time he was the temporary Governor-General, in freeing the press of India from the degrading restrictions under which it had previously laboured. The independence of the press, at all times the scourge of tyranny, is of quite as much importance in a distant colony, where petty officials too often assume the attributes of royalty, as it is at home. Lord Metcalfe broke down the barrier which screened colonial governors from fair and just criticism. But his disgrace with the East India Company was more than compensated by the confidence which the British Government reposed in his talents and discretion. In sending him to Jamaica, and subsequently to Canada, they paid the highest compliment to an enlightened public servant. In both positions, his career is too recent, his success too well known, to require notice.

He was a notable instance how the mind, in the case of really great men, is enabled to triumph over the most excruciating afflictions of the frame that encases it. The suavity of Lord Metcalfe was only surpassed by the readiness with which he listened to every practical suggestion, and to the promptness which he evinced in carrying them out."

The accounts from India, and particularly from the Sikh and Lahore country seem to indicate a renewal of the war, and such has ever been and ever will be the case where there are independent sovereigns and powerful chiefs in the Indian Peninsula; they are ever stirring up strife among each other, and sacrificing every thing to their own intriguing and ambitious views. Yet no sooner does the English Government interfere, to put its own territory in safety and tranquillity, and render the quarrelsome harmless, than foreign pens take up the question, and the cry is universal "the rapacious, grasping power of England!" which after all has done more towards making peaceable and happy the Peninsula of India, than have all the powers in all the times in which history has been extant, but we hope that all the country up to the Himalaya mountains will be under the sway of England both for its sake and that of the English Territory before Lord Hardinge and Gough leave that part of the world.

Cholera was raging greatly in India, at the time the last advices left.

There has been a good deal observed in London of what is in like manner observable in New York, to wit, a great deal of difference between the price received by the farmer for his grain, and the price paid by the consumer for his bread. It would be well to look at this. A Company has recently been formed in London to supply the public with bread at a price which will leave a reasonable per centage profit on the article, this will pinch the people who thus make an enormous and unnecessary profit thereon.

In France and Spain there seems to be little engaging the attention except the two marriages—that of the Queen with Don Francisco, and that of the Duc de Montpensier with the Queen of Spain's sister, Dona Lucia. Thus these long doubtful questions will be set at rest.

In another part of this day's journal will be found the "Foreign Possessions Bill" which received the Royal assent on 28th August.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

The New York world have expressed some disappointment in hearing Mr. Lover. It is remarked that he tells his monologues very well but that his singing is not great. We do not wonder at this, Madame Vestris, Vieuxtemps, Mr. H. Phillips, and others of the same highly finished stamp are "caviare to the million," but a keen perception of character and a good education made Mr. Lover as an author, a fine taste for music made him a composer, and the applauses of tasteful audiences made him an artiste, and his "Irish Evenings" will be remembered by the latter though the immediate moments of his performance are not exciting. The playing of Ole Bull, the singing of Russell, and so forth are more pleasing to the excited taste of the multitude than the quiet excellence of the classic professor. But Lover will have his admirers among hearers of taste, and we do not think the Stuyvesant Institute the best place for effect. Mr. Lover is entertaining in three ways at once just now, by his comic Irish novels, by his comic Irish farces, and by his own "Irish Evenings."

Camillo Sivori the celebrated violinist was among the passengers who lately arrived by the *Great Western*.

The Drama.

Park Theatre.—Mrs. Mowatt has been playing a short engagement here. Her best performances are those of genteel comedy but she has played one tragic character this week, that of Bianca in "Fazio." Time has given a fair period to know what will be Mrs. Mowatt's character as a histrionic artiste, and to speak plainly although she will be always a respectable actress and sure tolerably to draw in New York, she will never be great. Her reading is better than her physique for the stage; she will never have what the French very significantly call abandon enough to play characters fully. She is well supported on the stage by Mr. Davenport, whom as an artist we have long esteemed much and think there is a great deal of an actor about him. Mr. Leonard is highly successful in the Irish characters, but he is somewhat too humorous and boisterous, and not quite enough of a gentleman for the complete role of his characters.

We perceive that Mr. and Mrs. Kean will appear at this Theatre on Monday night, and then for the first time in America will be played Shakspeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona;" this will be an agreeable novelty.

Bowery Theatre.—The best actress in America, except Mrs. Kean, is playing on these boards. Mrs. Shaw is enacting Ion. Neighbour Constance in "The Love Chase," and the Countess in "The Serf" to everybody's admiration; she fills the Bowery nightly.

The Olympic Theatre, we need hardly say is crowded as much as ever. Mrs. Timm has come back, and the greater part of the old favorites are here.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

The Gems of the Season have been the following three wicket Matches in which one crack player has played against one, two against two, and three against three, have been played, of two innings each, and the description of each will pay any Cricketer's trouble of perusal, and in which—we speak advisedly—the magnificent encouragers of Cricket have liberally rewarded the several crack hands engaged therein for the entertainment and sport which have been received thereat.

SINGLE WICKET.

On Thursday afternoon a Single Wicket Match was commenced between Dudson and Wright, at the option of the former, the latter being desirous of putting off the match till a more distant opportunity. Dudson having the choice put in Wright to the bat, with the following results, viz. :—

First Innings.—Wright going in, Dudson bowled 159 balls at him, in the course of 87 minutes, in which Wright scored four twos, five ones, and eleven wide balls, and was then bowled out at the leg stump. Dudson then went in, when he only received 4 balls in two minutes, and made 1 run.

The Second Innings were commenced, Wright of course going in, at 5:32 P.M., and Sun-down was called at 5:38 P.M., in the course of which 20 balls were given, and Wright scored 5 wide balls, but no runs. The play was recommenced on Friday morning at 11:15 o'clock by Wright resuming the bat to play his innings out, when Dudson bowled in the whole innings 127 balls in 76 minutes, in which Wright made 19 off the bat, and received 13 wide balls, including the five on the previous evening, making his second innings 32. Dudson then went in for his second innings in which he received from Wright 47 balls in 27 minutes, in which he made 2 off the bat, and received 7 wide Balls. The parties were each bowled out each time. Wright was thus the winner by 46 runs. Messrs. Comery and J. Ticknor were the Umpires, and Mr. Paterson of this Journal the Scorer, the following is the Summary of the Score :—

THURSDAY.—FIRST INNINGS.

Mr. Wright	Runs 13
Mr. Dudson	Wide 11—24
	1
Wright ahead	23

SECOND INNINGS.

Mr. Wright	Wide 5
Wright ahead, Thursday	28

FRIDAY.

Mr. Wright	Runs 19
	Wide 8—27
	55
Mr. Dudson	Runs 2
	Wide 7—9
Wright wins by	46

*. * The same parties, Wright and Dudson, are engaged to play a Single Wicket Match against each other, on Monday, 12th October on the St. George's Ground.

SINGLE WICKET

Match played on St. George's Cricket Club Ground, on Monday Sept. 28, 1846, between Winckworth and Comery of the St. George's Cricket Club, and Turner and Dudson of the Union Club of Philadelphia.

The Philadelphians having won the toss put in the St. George's men, Winckworth assuming the bat against the bowling of Dudson; in 21 balls which Dudson bowled this inning against Winckworth he gave 5 wide balls, and the batsman made a 2 hit. In all Winckworth had 7 to his innings in 12 minutes, when he was bowled out by Dudson. Comery then took the bat which he maintained for 63 minutes, in the course of which he took 100 balls from Dudson, and 15 from Turner, out of which he made seven twos off the bat, fourteen ones, twelve wides, and four no balls, making his score to be 44, when he struck the ball high, and was caught by Dudson the bowler. The whole innings of St. George's were therefore 51.

The Philadelphians then went in at 1 o'clock, Turner assuming the bat against the bowling of Comery, and Turner received 38 balls from Comery in 17 minutes, in which there neither was scored runs nor otherwise, when Comery bowled him out; Dudson then succeeded, who in 8 minutes received 20 Balls from Comery, out of which Dudson made 2 single hits and scored 1 wide. The total first innings of the Philadelphians were 3, and the St. George's were ahead clear 48 runs.

At half-past one the party partook of a Cricketers' dinner, and at 2:17 Winckworth went in for his second innings, against the bowling of Turner, which latter in 9 minutes gave 16 balls, in which Winckworth made two twos and three ones, after which Turner found his wicket, and Winckworth's whole score at the second innings was 7 runs, all off the bat. Comery then took the bat, in 10 minutes he had received 25 balls from Turner, in which he made a two and four ones, and then run himself out, making his second innings 6 runs.

The Philadelphians then went in for their second innings and had to make 64 runs to tie. Turner's wicket was again found by Comery without a run, and Dudson from the same bowler made a two, two ones, and two wides, making the score of the second innings six. Thus the St. George's won by 55 runs.

It was much feared that Comery would have to give up as he was really unwell during the early part of the day, but was encouraged to pluck up resolution by Dudson, who shewed him neither pity or mercy. Messrs. Wright and

Ticknor were the Umpires, and Mr. Paterson was the Marker. The following is the score :—

ST. GEORGE'S.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Winckworth, b. Dudson	2	b. Turner	7
Comery, c. Dudson, b. Dudson	28	run out	6
Wide, Dudson	17		
No Balls, Dudson	4		
Total	51	Total	13

PHILADELPHIANS.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Turner, b. Comery	0	b. Comery	0
Dudson, b. Comery	2	b. Comery	4
Wide, Comery	1		2
Total	3	Total	6

MATCH AT SINGLE WICKET.

Played on the St. George's Ground on Tuesday and Wednesday the 29th and 30th Sept., between Messrs. Wright, Winckworth, and Comery, of the St. George's Cricket Club, New York, and the Messrs. J. Ticknor, Turner, and Dudson of the Union Club, Philadelphia.

The play was begun on Tuesday morning at 11:34 A.M., the Philadelphians winning the toss and putting in the St. George's men, Winckworth assuming the bat against the bowling of John Ticknor; Winckworth took 64 balls in about 30 minutes, and made first a two, and all the rest ones, but John Ticknor, who fielded the last ball himself, threw in with such correct aim that he hit the wicket at 50 yards distance, and put Winckworth out. 1 wicket, 14 runs. Comery then took the bat and made a two and all the rest ones. J. Ticknor found his balls. 2 wickets, 27 runs. Wright then assumed the bat, he made a two and the rest ones, when J. Ticknor found his stumps. 3 wickets, 32 runs. This inning John Ticknor bowled 126 balls, and the innings was completed in 75 minutes.

At 1:10 P.M. the Philadelphians took their first innings, Dudson assuming the bat against the bowling of Comery, but the batsman did not stay long, for in 8 balls, delivered in 4 minutes, Comery knocked down his stumps without a run, but Comery had given him one wide ball. 1 wicket, 1 scored. Turner then came to the bat, he received 32 balls from Comery in about 17 minutes, in which he made a one run and got two wide balls. Comery then bowled him out. 2 wickets, 4 scored. Ticknor then took the bat, he received 28 balls in 13 minutes, in which he made a one run, and received a wide ball. 3 wickets, 6 scored.

At 2:36 the St. George's went in for their second innings, being 26 runs a-head, and Comery took 15 balls from Ticknor in 7 minutes, out of which he made but a one run, and Ticknor put down his house. 1 wicket, 1 run. He was succeeded by Winckworth, who this day batted most beautifully, but many of his hits did not tell on account of his playing too forward, and being just over the popping crease at the moment of striking; but he received 151 balls from Ticknor and Dudson in about 70 minutes, in which he made several splendid twos and altogether made 26 off the bat, and received 4 wide balls from Dudson. 2 wickets, 35 runs. Wright came last, he received from Dudson and Ticknor about 90 balls in an hour, out of which he made a beautiful three, a two, and the rest ones off his bat, receiving also 8 wide balls, and a no ball from Dudson, when Ticknor found his wicket. 3 wickets, 55 runs.

The Philadelphians took to the bat for their second innings at 5:10 P.M., Dudson again assuming the bat to the bowling of Comery, but he again succumbed after receiving five balls and making no run. Then J. Ticknor took the bat and received 56 balls by Sun-down at 5:45 P.M., when he had made four ones off the bat. The play thus stopped at Sun-down with the St. George's 77 runs a-head, and two wickets (Ticknor and Turner) to go down.

On Wednesday at 10:25 A.M. Ticknor resumed the bat and received 26 balls in 12 minutes, in the course of which he made 1 off the bat and received one wide ball. 2 wickets, 6 scored. Turner then took the bat, and he received 60 balls in 28 minutes, in which he made 3 ones off the bat, and got one wide ball. All these three were bowled out by Comery.

The Umpires were Messrs. Turner and Groom, and the Marker was Mr. Paterson of this Journal. The following is the score :—

ST. GEORGE'S.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Winckworth, run out	14	b. Dudson	26
Comery, b. Ticknor	13	b. Ticknor	1
Wright, b. Ticknor	5	b. Ticknor	15
		Wide, Dudson	12
		No Ball, Dudson	1
Total	32	Total	55

PHILADELPHIANS.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Dudson, b. Comery	0	b. Comery	0
Turner, b. Comery	1	b. Comery	3
J. Ticknor, b. Comery	1	b. Comery	5
Wide, Comery	4		2
Total	6	Total	10

COBOURG AND PORT HOPE.

Cobourg, Sept. 18, 1846.

To the Editor of the Anglo American :—

Sir,—The Return Match between the Port Hope Senior and Cobourg Junior

Clubs came off here on Thursday 10th inst., and terminated in favour of the youngsters.

I send you the score of the match that from it you may form a better opinion of the Junior Club's performance than the Mechanic's affair would lead you to expect.

You would oblige me by giving it a place in your "Cricketers' Chronicle."

I remain, Sir, yours sincerely,

COBOURG JUNIOR CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Calcutt, c. T. Henderson	4	c. Peaks	2
Buck, c. Robertson	9	c. Haines	21
Hudspeth, b. Robertson	16	b. Peaks	12
Nourse, c. J. Henderson	0	b. Haines	0
Broughall, c. Metcalfe	4	run out	9
Boulter, c. Peaks	7	c. Haines	11
Hewitt, b. Haines	16	b. Robertson	1
Hyatt, b. Peaks	21	c. Peaks	0
Crofts, b. Peaks	6	b. Rowland	1
Weller, b. Robertson	2	not out	1
Van Ingen, not out	0	b. Haines	0
Byes	10	Byes	13
Wide	3	Wide	2
Total	98	Total	73

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Robertson, b. Buck	6	c. Hudspeth	0
Rowland, b. Buck	0	b. Calcutt	5
Haines, b. Buck	12	run out	1
Blythe, c. Van Ingen	2	b. Buck	0
Peaks, b. Calcutt	1	not out	5
Jones, b. Calcutt	17	b. Calcutt	1
T. Henderson, c. Calcutt	6	b. Calcutt	1
Green, b. Calcutt	1	c. Van Ingen	1
Wallis, c. Hewitt	0	b. Calcutt	0
J. Henderson, b. Calcutt	12	b. Calcutt	0
Metcalfe, not out	0	b. Calcutt	0
Byes	4	Byes	2
Wide	1	Wide	1
Total	62	Total	17

We have received a communication from Cobourg, in relation to the match between the "Junior" and the "Mechanics," the score of which we published a few weeks since. The writer has made serious charges against the supposed writer of the account we published, which, as he well supposes, are entirely inadmissible to our columns—more especially as he has not sent his own name. In relation to the matter in dispute we are entirely ignorant—but as our correspondent charges that the report we published was not a correct one, we can do no less than give his score also, and thus our readers will have both sides of the question. We would also state that hereafter no report of a Cricket Match need be sent to us unless the writer's name is appended, for it will not be published. The following is the score above referred to:—

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
G. Buck, run out	0	leg before wicket	7
K. Calcutt, run out	0	b. Jex	0
T. Hudspeth, b. Miller	10	s. Miller	12
T. Broughall, b. Hewitt	0	run out	1
Boulter, s. Jex	13	c. Hewitt	3
A. T. Van Ingen, c. Hewitt	1	c. Salsbury	1
C. Weller, run out	4	c. Hewitt	0
G. Alexander, b. Jex	2	c. Hewitt	1
J. Crofts, not out	3	l. b. w.	9
F. Butler, b. Jex	0	not out	0
H. Bunbury, c. Miller	2	b. Jex	2
Byes	10	Byes	4
No Ball	1	Wide	3
Total	46	Total	43

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
R. Hyatt, b. Buck	17	s. Hudspeth	15
W. Hewitt, c. Van Ingen	5	b. Calcutt	18
E. Miller, b. Calcutt	4	b. Buck	4
H. Battell, b. Buck	2	b. Calcutt	9
W. Young, c. Bunbury	0	not out	5
W. Jex, c. Calcutt	0	not out	1
G. Hayden, b. Calcutt	0		
R. Swayne, run out	3		
P. McCallum, b. Hudspeth	1		
C. Field, run out	1		
J. Salsbury, not out	0		
Bye	1	Byes	3
Wide	1		
Total	35	Total	55

COBOURG, Sept. 24th, 1846.

To the Editor of The Anglo American:—

Sir,—A friendly match at Cricket was played here on Tuesday last, between the "Senior Club" of Cobourg, and the "Juniors" of the same place. Wickets were pitched at about 11 o'clock, A.M., and play commenced soon after—the "Seniors" at the Bat. This Innings lasted little upwards of an hour, and at the close the score stood at 33, Byes &c. included.

The Juniors then went "to the fore" and managed to run up 50 in a very short time; not, however, without some difficulty, on account of the stiff fielding displayed by their opponents.

At this period the excitement was very high on both sides: the Juniors from their large majority, seemingly determined to win; and the Seniors, grown more resolute, from appearance, as much bent upon thwarting them. Accordingly after a slight refreshment, "play" was again called by the Umpires, and the game was resumed. But fortune, that "fickle goddess" who rules the destinies of the world, seemed to be frowning upon Manhood, and the "old 'uns" although they tried their best, were at last, *all out*, with a score not nearly so large as they expected.

It was now the Juniors' turn to *stand fire*, and to it they went with a will—they had only 29 to win—and win they would. The result did credit as well to their spirit as their play, for notwithstanding the excellent bowling and fielding of the opposite party, the "Tally" was soon run up, with eight wickets to spare!

The following, Mr. Editor, is the score, which you will oblige me very much by making public. When "boys" can beat "men" at the "noble game," it is surely an evidence of its increasing popularity.

I must not forget to mention that, in the Challenge tendered by the Juniors, two of the Senior Club were *barred* in order that the match might be more equal.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Ruttan, b. G. Buck	11	b. G. Buck	1
Tremain, b. G. Buck	0	b. Hudspeth	16
Daintry, b. G. Buck	3	c. Hewitt	0
G. Clark, b. G. Buck	0	s. Nourse	0
Wm. Butler, b. G. Buck	2	not out	1
J. Calcutt, b. Hudspeth	1	run out	3
Cameron, b. Demeras	5	b. Hudspeth	6
Wm. Calcutt, c. Hewitt	2	b. Miller	2
Chatterton, b. Demeras	0	b. G. Buck	1
Howard, hit his wicket	0	c. Hewitt	3
R. Buck, not out	1	b. Hudspeth	1
Byes	3	Byes	3
Wide	5	Wide	9
Total	33	Total	46

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Hudspeth, b. R. Buck	6	not out	18
G. Buck, b. R. Buck	11	c. R. Buck	2
Miller, b. R. Buck	0	not out	1
Hyatt, run out	3	b. R. Buck	8
Hewitt, c. W. Calcutt	2	b. R. Buck	0
Boulter, s. R. Buck	0		
Nourse, b. Ruttan	1		
Croft, s. Buck	11		
Demeras, b. Ruttan	0		
Alexander, b. R. Buck	1		
Swayne, not out	0		
Byes	11	Byes	4
Wide	4	Wide	1
Total	50	Total	34

* In the Second Innings Miller, after the game had *been won* by 5 notches, was caught by Howard. This was occasioned by the scorer's not calling "the game."

Literary Notices.

We have received the Democratic Review, and Hunt's Merchants Magazine, for the present month. They both well sustain their high reputation.

The Statesman's Manual.—This is an invaluable compilation; it contains all the Messages of the Presidents, from 1789 to 1846, with a short Memoir of each, of the Presidents, as well as history of their administrations; also the constitution of the United States, and a selection of other important Documents, statistics &c. &c., compiled by Edwin Williams. It is put forth in the best style, by E. Walker, Fulton street, and consists of over 1600 pages.

The Count of Monte Cristo.—By A. Dumas.—We have not been able to examine this work yet; and indeed it is scarcely necessary before pronouncing an opinion, for the works of Dumas are read and admired all the world over. Burgess, Stringer, & Co. are the publishers; and they have done themselves credit by the manner in which they have put forth this work at the price, 50 cents for nearly 600 pages.

The Harpers' have sent us No. 8 of the *Pictorial History of England*, which well sustains its appearance,—and No. 4 of *Martin, or the Foundling*, by Eugene Sue.

Ladies' National Magazine, for October, edited by Mrs. Ann Stephens, and Mr. Petersen, and is published by Mr. Graham, Tribune Buildings of this city, has a plate called "The Poetess," and a coloured plate of fashions.

Chambers' Information for the People, No. 2. This is a reprint of the Scotch publication of the same name, and we cannot speak of it in terms of too just commendation. It is sold in this city by Messrs. Burgess Stringer & Co.

The Love Chase. By J. S. Knowles.—New York: Taylor & Co.—This is a well known play, but the American editor has done the author of London Assurance no small injury in comparing his Steeple Chase with Sheridan Knowles fox chase, as if they were the same thing in effect. The editor has neither been candid nor just in the remark, and we doubt whether he knows anything practically of either.

London Lancet.—This publication by Burgess Stringer & Co., we have so frequently and so steadily had occasion to laud, that we have only to say to every one, but particularly the faculty—procure it.

CAMILLO SIVORI'S FIRST CONCERT

Will take place on Monday Evening, October 5th, at the Broadway Tabernacle.

THIS celebrated artist will perform the wonderful piece of Paganini, LA PREGHIERA DI MOSE, (The Prayer of Moses), upon a SINGLE string, and also the CARNIVAL OF VENICE, as written by his immortal Master.
Tickets—ONE DOLLAR—to be had at all the Music Stores.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber is constantly receiving fresh supplies of every description of the above well known popular Pens. A large stock is constantly kept on hand, consisting of patent, Magnum Bonum, Damascus and double Damascus barrel Pen; Principality, each extra fine, fine and medium points; Caligraphic, (illustrated cards). Peruvian, New York Fountain, Ladies' Patent Prince Albert, Queen's Own, Baronial, Victoria, and School Pens, on cards and in boxes of one gross each. Together with an excellent article for School use, the Collegiate Pen and the Croton Pen, (on illustrated cards and in boxes,) which possesses strength, elasticity, and fineness of point, admirably suited to light and rapid hands. Very cheap Pens in boxes; holders of every description; all of which are offered at low rates, and the attention of purchasers solicited, by
Oct. 3-1f.
HENRY JESSOP, Importer, 91 John,
corner of Gold-st.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ:

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the Sarsaparilla Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contain all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances; hence the superiority of these preparations—and no invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The Sarsaparilla can be diluted when taken agreeable to the directions, and made to suit the taste of the patient.

The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits:
South Bolton, Canada East, April 18, 1846.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Exposed as we are to the attacks of disease, and so frequently disappointed in proposed remedies, we cannot but look upon the efforts of successful practitioners with interest and gratitude. This is true respecting your valuable preparation of Sarsaparilla. I have been severely afflicted for 33 years with a disease, about which "Doctors disagreed," and their prescriptions were still more diverse. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I commenced using your excellent medicine, at which time I was wholly confined to my bed. After using it a few months, I now am enabled to walk about, ride out, and enjoy a comfortable degree of health, which I attribute entirely to the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla. Please accept my assurance of gratitude and regard.
JOHN M. NORRIS.

Being personally acquainted with the above statements, I hereby certify that the same are true,
REV. T. M. MERRIMAN.
Further Testimony.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. Wm. Galusha:—

Berkshire, Vt., Oct. 22, 1845.
Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,
WM. GALUSHA.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. F. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Bickle, Hamilton; and by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle. Six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has been and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

DR. SABNIE will in future, for the convenience of his friends residing in Brooklyn, have a box at Mr. R. J. Davies, Chemist and Apothecary, corner of Fulton and Clinton Streets, Brooklyn, from which place all letters or messages will be at all times immediately forwarded to him by special messenger.
Sept. 26-2p.

BEAR'S OIL.

HIGHLY SCENTED AND PURE FOR THE HAIR.

OF all the preparations for the HAIR, or WHISKERS, nothing equals the Oil prepared from BEAR'S GREASE. In most instances it restores the Hair to the Bald, and will effectually preserve it from falling off in any event. It was long noted by such eminent Physicians and Chemists as Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Henry Hallford, that pure Bear's Grease, properly prepared, was the best thing ever discovered for the preservation of the Hair, or restoring it when Bald. The subscriber has saved no expense in getting the genuine Bear's Grease, from Canada and elsewhere, and prepared it in such a manner that the Oil, combined with its high perfume, renders it indispensable for the toilet and dressing-room of all.
Prepared and Sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist and Chemist, 273 Broadway corner Chamber Street,—Granite Buildings—(successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) In bottles, 50 cents for large, 25 cents for small.
Sept. 19-3m.

MR. GEORGE LODER begs to announce that, at the request of many friends, he has formed an Orchestra of the most talented professors upon the plan of the celebrated JULIEN, being ready upon the shortest notice to attend Fetes Champetres, Matinees, Musical Soirees, Fetes Solemnels, Soirees Musicales, Concerts, and all Musical Performances. Mr. Loder flatters himself that the kind appreciation by the Public of his endeavours to promote the efficiency of Instrumental Performances will be a guarantee of the excellence of his Band.

TERMS.—For full Orchestra, or any number of Musicians, may be known upon application to Mr. LODER, No. 9 Varick Street, St. John's Park.
Sept. 5-1f.

THE duties of Miss KEOGH'S Boarding and Day School for young Ladies, will be resumed on Monday, Sept. 7, at 73 Third Avenue.
Aug. 29-4f.

SIGHT RESTORED, AND INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES CURED BY THE ROMAN EYE BALSAM.

A SPECIFIC OINTMENT FOR DISEASES OF THE EYE.

THOUSANDS are suffering from weak eyes, or inflammation of the eye-lids, so severe as to deprive them of all the enjoyments of life, and render existence itself almost a burthen to them, when they might in a very short time be completely cured, and their eyes restored to their natural brightness, by using the celebrated ROMAN EYE BALSAM. There is no article prepared that is so immediately certain to remove the pain and inflammation from the eye-lids, and restore the sight. Any disease or weakness of the eye that can be cured without an operation, will yield quickly to the specific effect of this pleasant application. Many people have been restored to sight by a few applications of this valuable Balsam, after other means have failed to give them relief. In small jars, price 25 cents.

Prepared and sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist, 273 Broadway, corner of Chambers Street, New York, (Successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) Sold also by the most respectable Druggists in the United States.
Sept. 19-3m.

PIANO FORTES.

PURCHASERS are invited to call at CHAMBER'S Ware-Rooms, No. 385 BROADWAY, for a superior and warranted article.
Apl 18-1f.

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Security to the Patrons of Brandreth's Pills.

NEW LABELS.

The New Labels on a Single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain 5063 LETTERS!!!

DYSPEPSIA.—To soothe sufferings of humanity, to ameliorate the pangs of disease, is the grand object of medical science. This is efficiently demonstrated in the healing virtues of DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS. The cures effected by this medicine would fill volumes.

Views on Indigestion as a source of various Undefined and Irregular Nervous Sensations.

"Hills, small at first, grow larger from delay;
And slowly eat their sad and cowering way;
Thus by successive throes, the frame is torn,
Till health and peace of mind alike are gone."

The nerves of the human body—those necessary and mysterious agents which immediately connect man with external nature—are singularly prone to have their functions disordered by an oppressed condition of the stomach; the minute termination of that portion of the nerves expanded upon the organs of digestion conveying the morbid impression to the Brain. And, although the Head can, undoubtedly, like other organs, be the seat of primary disorder, yet, in the great majority of cases, the uneasy sensations there experienced are symptomatic of disordered Stomach; and, further, there is abundant evidence to prove that cruditates in the Stomach and Bowels can, in every grade of human existence, give rise to spasmodic action in every organ of the body; and whether we survey it in the agonising form of Tic Doleureux—the alarming convulsions of the Epileptic seizure—or in that irritable condition of the nerves of the heart occasioning nervous palpitation—they can all frequently be traced to the source above mentioned, and be cured by mild evacuant and tonic remedies. To relieve a state of so much suffering and distress, (in which body and mind also participate) BRANDRETH'S PILLS are confidently recommended; as, by combining aromatic tonic and cleansing properties, they remove all oppressive accumulations, strengthen the Stomach, induce a healthy appetite, and impart tranquility to the nervous system; and, in fact, by their general purifying power upon the blood, exert a most beneficial influence in all cases of disease.

PURIFICATION.

It is a settled creed in all correct medical jurisprudence, that unless the blood is kept free from impurities, the whole system must inevitably become diseased. When the blood becomes clogged, thick, and moves through the veins and arteries with a sluggish motion, we may rest assured that sickness, with its concomitant train of evils, is about to ensue. The utmost care and greatest precaution are therefore necessary, and the system should be closely watched. Those who generally provide themselves with mild and aperient physic, should give a preference to such as are of a strictly vegetable nature. Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills appear to be the universal favorite, as they are composed entirely of Vegetables and co-operate so effectually—cleansing the system—purifying the blood and removing all undue biliary secretions.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also, at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Booth's, No. 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

TOOTH-ACHE CURED IN ONE MINUTE

BY THE USE OF THE CLOVE ANODYNE.

THIS is an excellent article, and will cure the most violent tooth-ache, or pain in the gums in one minute.

The Clove Anodyne is not unpleasant to the taste or injurious to the teeth, and will permanently cure any tooth to which it may be applied.

Prepared and Sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist and Chemist, 273 Broadway, cor. of Chamber Street,—Granite Buildings—(successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) Sold also by all respectable Druggists in the United States. Price 25 cents.
Sept. 19-3m.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

No. 26 Cornhill, London.

CAPITAL £500,000, OR, \$2,500,000.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.

THIS Institution embraces important and substantial advantages with respect to Life Assurance and deferred annuities. The assured has, on all occasions, the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture of the policy, two-thirds of the premiums paid (see table); also the option of selecting benefits, and the conversion of his interests to meet other conveniences or necessity.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The remarkable success and increasing prosperity of the Society has enabled the Directors, at the last annual investigation, to declare a fourth bonus, varying from 35 to 85 per cent on the premiums paid on each policy effected on the profit scale.

EXAMPLES.

Age.	Sum.	Premium.	Year.	Bonus added.	Bonus in cash.	Permanent reduction of premium.	Sum ass'd may borrow on the policy.
	\$	\$		\$	\$	\$	\$
			1837	1088 75	500 24	50 09	2225
			1838	960 76	435 53	67 53	1967
60	5000	370 50	1839	828 00	370 45	55 76	1750
			1840	681 85	270 20	39 70	1453
			1841	555 56	347 50	37 04	1336

The division of profits is annual, and the next will be made in December of the present year.

UNITED STATES AGENCY.

For list of local directors, medical officers, tables of rates, and report of last annual meeting, (15th of May, 1846,) see the Society's pamphlet, to be obtained at their office, 74 Wall Street, New York.

MEDICAL EXAMINERS.

J. Kearney Rodgers, M.D.
Alexander E. Hossack, M.D. } New York.
S. S. Keene.

BANKERS—The Merchant's Bank, New York.

STANDING COUNSEL.

W. Van Hook, Esq., New York. J. Meredith, Esq., Baltimore.

SOLICITOR at New York, John Hone, Esq.

JACOB HARVEY, Chairman of Local Board.
J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent.
Oct. 3-1f.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

ALBANY, July 24, 1847.

TO THE SHERIFF of the city and county of New York: Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the 1st Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit, A Governor and Lieut. Governor of this State. Two Canal Commissioners to supply the places of Jonas Earll, Jr. and Stephen Clark, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. A Senator, for the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of John A. Lott, on the last day of December next. A Representative in the 30th Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District consisting of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th wards of the city of New York. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional District, consisting of the 6th, 7th, 10th and 13th wards of said city. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional District, consisting of the 8th, 9th and 14th wards of said city. And also a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional District, consisting of the 11th, 12th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th wards of said city.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: 16 Members of Assembly, a Sheriff in the place of William Jones, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. A County Clerk in the place of James Conner, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next, and a Coroner in the place of Edmund G. Rawson, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours, respectfully,

N. S. BENFON, Secretary of State

Sheriff's Office, New York, August 3, 1846.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided for.

WM. JONES,
Sheriff of the City and county of New York.

All the public newspapers in the County will publish the above once in a week until election, and then hand in their bill for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. vi., title 3d, article 3d, part 1st., page 140.

Aug. 8.—3m.

THE PLUMBE
NATIONAL DAGUERRIAN GALLERY,
251 BROADWAY, UPPER COR. MURRAY ST.
Instituted in 1840.

TWO PATENTS GRANTED UNDER GREAT SEAL OF THE U. S.
AWARDED THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS, and
TWO HIGHEST HONORS, at the NATIONAL, the MASSACHUSETTS, the NEW
YORK, and the PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITIONS, respectively, for the
MOST SPLENDID COLOURED DAGUERREOTYPES, AND BEST APPARATUS
Portraits taken in any weather in exquisite style.
Apparatus and Stock, wholesale and retail.
Instruction given in the Art. Jly. 25-tf.

MANSION HOUSE, NATCHEZ.

JOHN McDONNELL, (Late of City Hotel), PROPRIETOR.
THE Subscriber respectfully informs the travelling public, and the public generally, that he
has removed from the City Hotel, which house he has conducted for the last five years, and
continues his business at the well known MANSION HOUSE, which will be entirely re-
fitted and put in the best possible order.
By close attention to the comfort of his guests, he hopes to ensure a continuation of the pa-
tronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him. JOHN McDONNELL.
Natchez, March 19, 1846. Aug. 1-6mp.

STEAM BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

The Great Western Steam Ship Co.'s steam ship the GREAT WESTERN, 1,700 tons, 450
horse power, B. R. Matthews, Esq., Commander; the GREAT BRITAIN, 3,000 tons,
1000 horse power, Lieut. James Hosken, R. N. Commander, are intended to sail as follows:

From Liverpool.		From New York.	
Saturday	11th April.	Thursday	7th May.
Saturday	30th May.	Thursday	25th June.
Saturday	25th July.	Thursday	20th Aug.
Saturday	12th Sept.	Thursday	8th Oct.
Saturday	31st Oct.	Thursday	29th Nov.

From Liverpool.		From New York.	
Saturday	9th May.	Saturday	6th June.
Tuesday	7th July.	Saturday	1st Aug.
Wednesday	26th Aug.	Tuesday	22d Sept.
Tuesday	20th Oct.	Tuesday	17th Nov.

Fare to Liverpool per Great Western, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.
Fare per Great Britain, according to the size and position of the state-rooms, plans of which
may be seen at any of the Agencies.
For freight or passage or any other information, apply in New York to
New York, 27th February, 1846. RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front st.

TO BOSTON, via NEWPORT & PROVIDENCE DIRECT.

The well-known and popular steamers MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND, of 1000
tons each, built expressly for Long Island Sound, and by their construction, great strength, and
powerful engines, are especially adapted to its navigation, now leave each place regularly every
afternoon except Sunday.

Passengers from Boston in the Mail Train take the steamer at Providence about 6 o'clock, P.
M., and arrive in New York early the following morning. Those from New York leave Pier
No. 1, Battery Place, at 5 P.M., reach Providence also early the next morning, and proceed in
the Morning Train for Boston, after a comfortable night's rest on board the Steamer, (in private
state rooms if desired), without either of being disturbed at Midnight to change
from Boats to Cars, an annoyance so much complained of, especially by Ladies and Families
travelling in other lines between New York and Boston.

The RHODE ISLAND, Capt. Winchester, leaves New York on Monday, Wednesday, and
Friday.
The MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Potter, leaves New York on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sat-
urday.

The Boats, going and returning, will land at Newport, and this is now found to be the cheap-
est, most convenient, and expeditious route for Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford passen-
gers.

For Passage, Berths, State Rooms, or Freight, application may be made in Boston, at Red-
ding & Co., No. 5 State Street, and at the Depot of the Boston and Providence Railroad. In
Providence, to the Agent at the Depot at India Point, and in New York of the Agents on the
Wharf, and at the Office of the Company, No. 10 Battery Place. Jly 4-6m.

J. T. WILLISTON,

DEALER IN WATCHES, (wholesale and retail),

No. 1 Cortlandt-st., (UP STAIRS), Cor. Broadway, New York.

ALL Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded.
Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices.
Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms. J. T. WILLISTON,
Nov. 8-ly. No. 1 Cortlandt-st., Up Stairs.

LAP-WELDED

BOILER FLUES.

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1-2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER,
Can be obtained only of the Patentee,
THOS. PROSSER,
28 Platt Street, N.Y.

DR. POWELL, M.D.

OCULIST AND OPERATIVE SURGEON, 261 BROADWAY, cor. Warren-Street.
ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to
4 P.M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection
is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often
arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more
prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking
misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—
vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible,
dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied
by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or
mismanagement, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most
inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be
distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Re-
sidence and Offices 261 Broadway, cor. Warren-st. Spt. 13-ly.

JOHNSON'S DRUG AND PERFUMERY STORE.

THIS place now belongs to Mr. HENRY JOHNSON, a partner in the late firm of A. B.
Sands & Co. No establishment of the kind was ever more satisfactorily known,—situated
in Broadway, cor. Chamber Street, (Granite Buildings),—and always copiously supplied with
delicate Perfumeries of the choicest importation, toilet articles in large variety, pure Drugs and
Medicines, &c. The fashionable resident and traveller will find at Johnson's a magnificent as-
sortment, at a low cost. Jly 11-tf.

THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE, PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, &c.,
Imported and For Sale, (Wholesale and Retail),
BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY.

1. THE PENNY MAGAZINE of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."
—Volume for 1845 is now complete. All the back volumes constantly on hand.
2. THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.—It is unnecessary, in any
announcement, to point out the value of this "Supplement to the Cyclopaedia." To the pur-
chasers of the original work it will be almost indispensable; for, ranging over the whole field
of knowledge, it was impossible, with every care, to avoid some material omissions of matters
which ought to have found a place. But to these, and even to readers who may not desire to
possess the complete Work, the Supplement has the incalculable advantage of exhibiting the
march of Progressive Knowledge.—Volume ONE is now complete, and may be had bound in
sheep, or in parts.

3. Also, THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful
Knowledge."—The name of the Penny Cyclopaedia was derived from its original issue in a
weekly sheet, when a work of much less magnitude was contemplated. From its commence-
ment it has been supported by a great body of Contributors, eminent in their respective de-
partments; and its articles, in many of the great branches of knowledge, are regarded as authori-
ties, and have acquired celebrity, wherever the English language is read.—Complete and bound
in 27 volumes sheep, or in 14 vols. 1-2 Russia. Fb. 21-tf.

FLOWERS, BOQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always
on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed
species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. BOQUETS of choice flowers taste-
fully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order Gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gen-
tlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places, by apply-
ing to Wm. Laird. Ap. 20-tf.

LEFT-OFF WARDROBE AND FURNITURE WANTED.

THE highest price can be obtained by Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to dispose of their
left-off wardrobe and furniture. By sending a line to the subscriber's residence, through the
Post Office, it will be promptly attended to.

J. LEVENSTYN, 466 Broadway, up-stairs
Ladies can be attended to by Mrs. J. Levenstyn. Jly 4-ly.

MAXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Prin-
cipe Segars in all their variety. G- LEAF TOBACCO for SEGAR Manufacturers,
and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand. July 7-ly.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO SAIL from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool
SHERIDAN,	F. A. Depeyster,	Sept. 26.	Nov. 11.
GARRICK,	B. I. H. Trask,	Oct. 26.	Dec. 11.
ROSCUUS,	Asa Eldridge,	Nov. 26.	Jan. 11.
SIDDONS,	E. B. Cobb,	Dec. 26.	Feb. 11.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York,
with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of pas-
sage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by
experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or
packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage,
apply to
E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South Street, N.Y., or to
BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1-2 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and
newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue
all Advertisements not in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz.:—the ROSCIUS, SID-
DONS, SHERIDAN and GARRICK. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given,
that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My 24-tf.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
WATERLOO,	W. H. Allen,	July 11.	Aug. 26.
JOHN R. SKIDDY,	James C. Luce,	Aug. 11.	Sept. 26.
STEPHEN WHITNEY,	C. W. Popham,	Sept. 11.	Oct. 26.
VIRGINIAN,	W. H. Parson,	Oct. 11.	July 26.

These ships are of the first class, and their accommodations are unsurpassed for elegance and
convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be
made to promote the comfort of Passengers and interests of Importers. For freight or passage,
apply to
My 24-ly. ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month,
excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the
succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Huttleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Jan. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	E. F. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	Apr. 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	Apr. 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance
and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great
inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted
to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every descrip-
tion will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon appli-
cation to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or
Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or pas-
sage, apply to
My 31-tf. GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to
CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every Month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which
will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from
NEW YORK and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the
7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz.:

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1.	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	20, 20, 20
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10, 10	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	20, 20, 20
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sebor,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	20, 20, 20
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Westminster,	Hovey,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators.
Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and
Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters
Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply
to
My 24-tf. GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to
JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in the
following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on
the succeeding day, viz.:

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	16, 16, 16
Fiducia, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	16, 16, 16
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	16, 16, 16
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations,
or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest at-
tention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality
as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every descrip-
tion will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by
the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels,
or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight
passage, apply to
GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-st., or
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y., or
BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.